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BOOK IV

B. ELLEN BURKE



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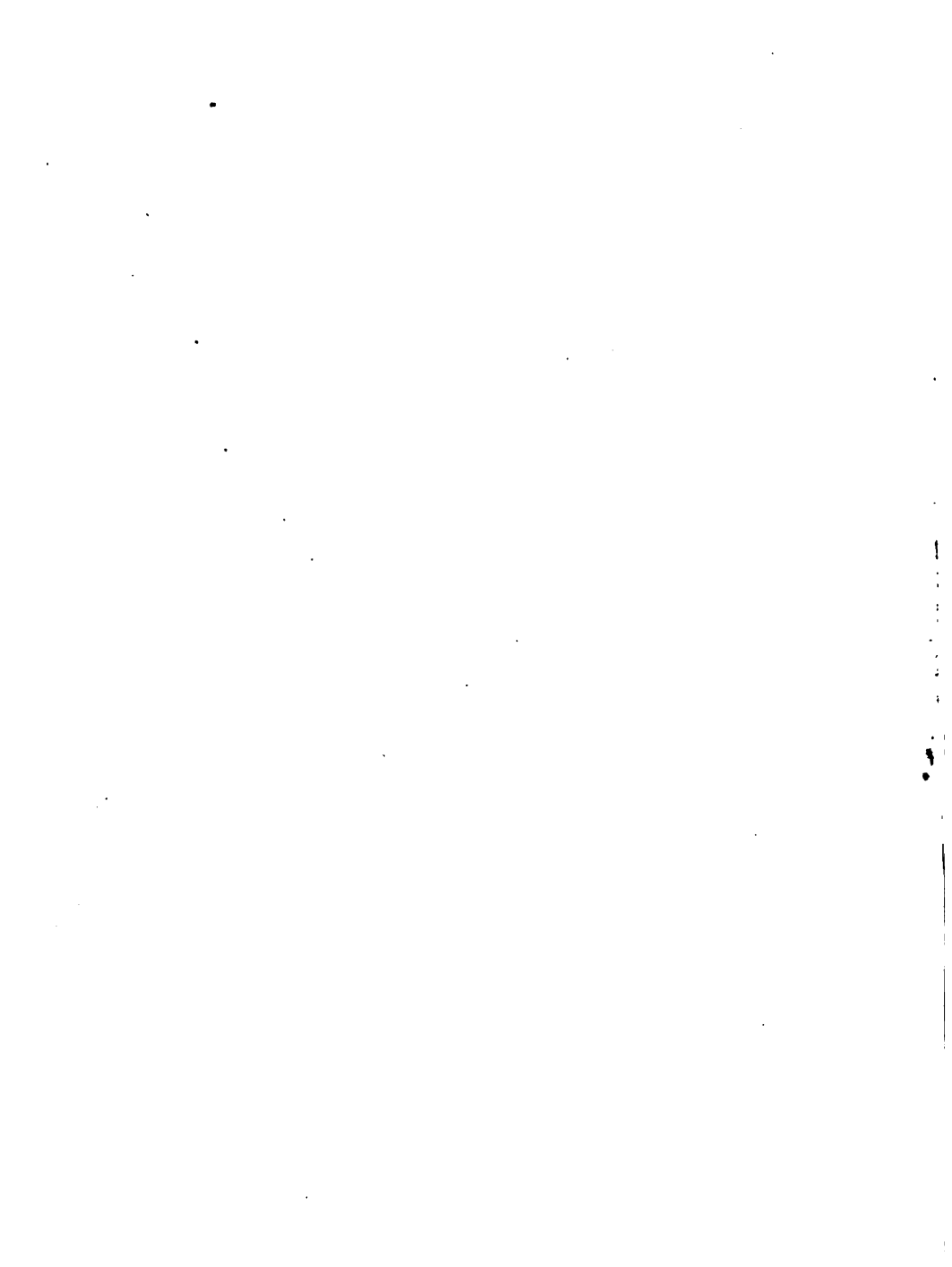
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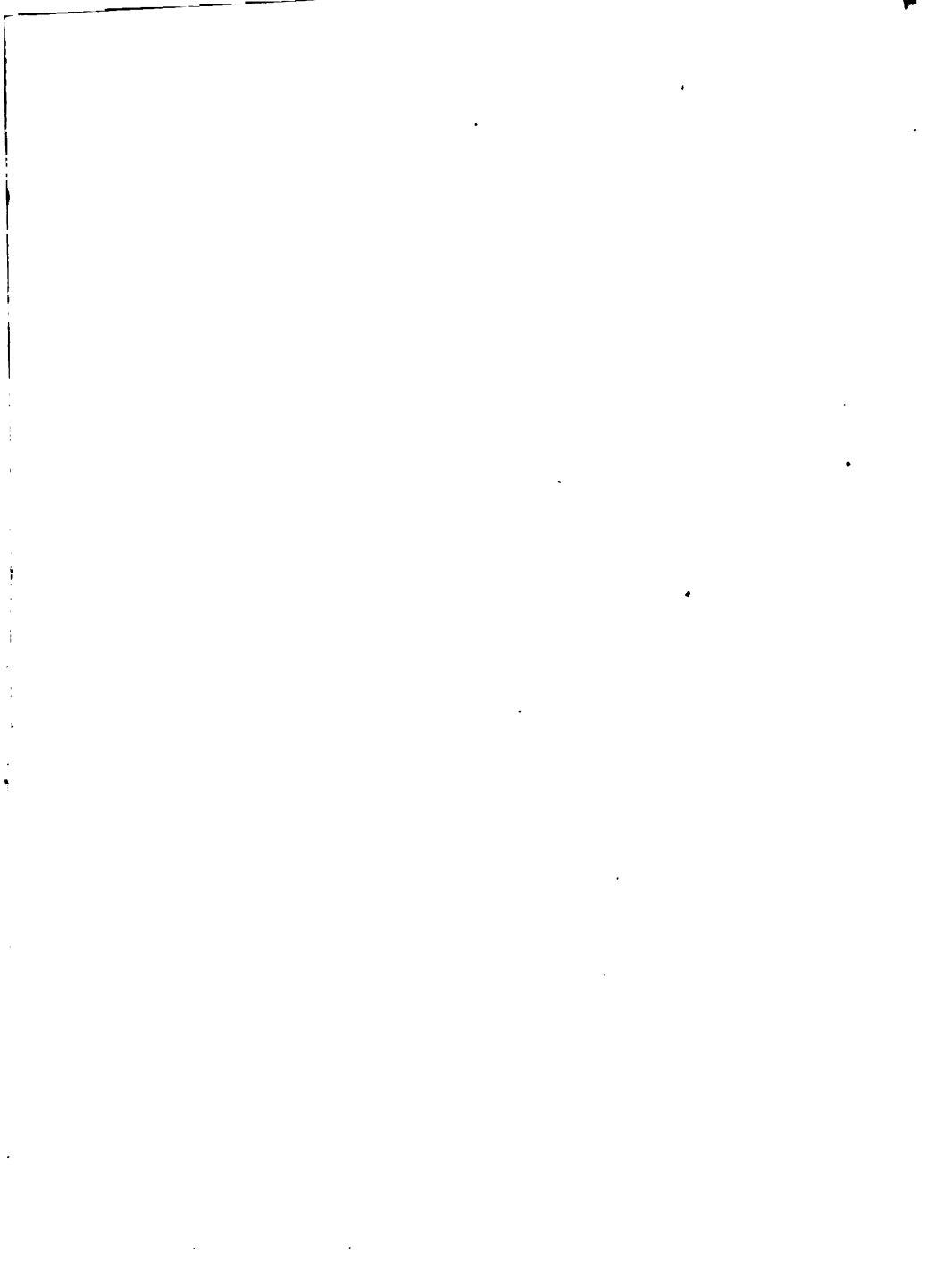


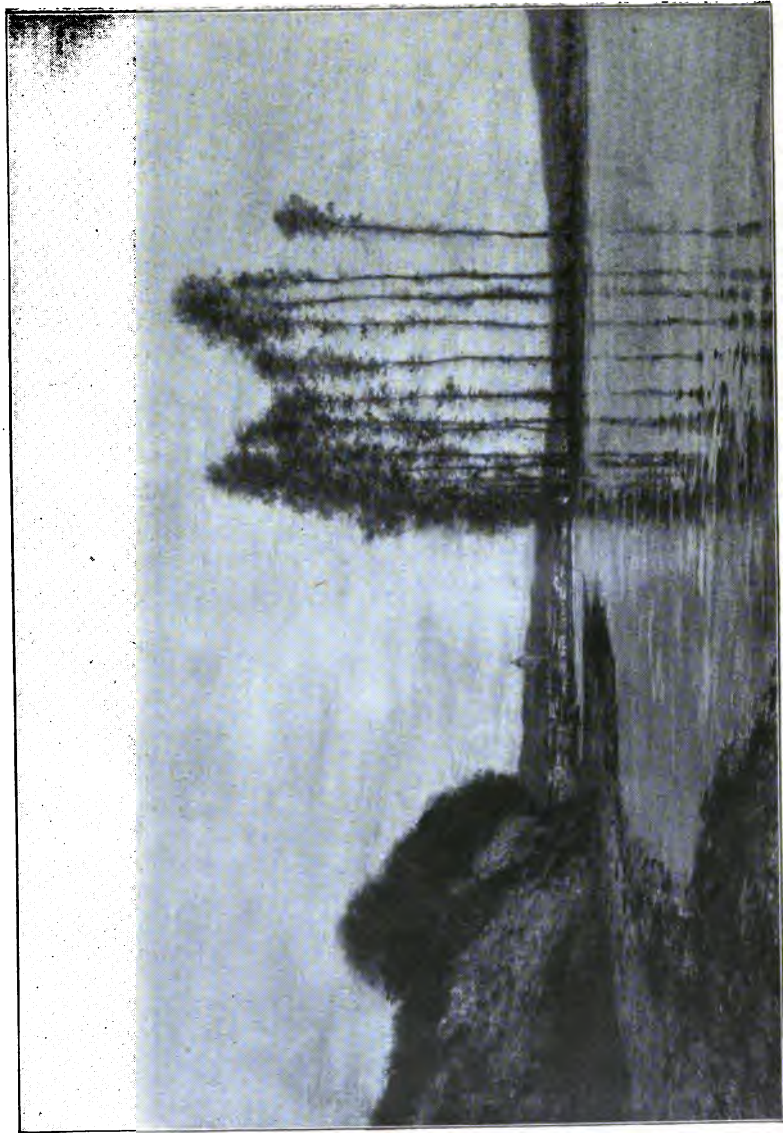
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Homer D. Martin

VIEW ON THE SEINE

FOUNDATION READERS

BOOK FOUR

BY

B. ELLEN BURKE

The thoughts that keep us company, like persons with whom we live, influence us in secret and unnoticed ways.

—*Spalding.*

Educational Publishing Company

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Chicago

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INTRODUCTION

To Those Interested:

To place before the young a series of Reading Books that will contain noble and elevating thoughts, the best that has been enshrined in the literature of ages, is a task worthy of the wisest minds and grandest efforts. Whatever may be gleaned from the past that will contribute to the noble and holy living of the present, is by right, the heritage of the young, the heirs and descendants of the long line of great and good who have gone to their reward.

A Reading Book is, or should be, a collection of the sayings and writings of the best men and the noblest women. The young are asked "to think over again the thoughts of others"; they are directed to make those thoughts so much their own that they in turn will be able to aid in transmitting them to posterity. "Will this thought have a good effect on the soul of the reader?" "Will it inspire him to do better work, to have higher ideals, to develop his character more in accordance with the designs of the Creator?" These and other questions face the makers of Reading Books, and the test of the book's worth must be determined by its effect on the thoughts, words, and deeds of the readers.

BOOK FOUR of the *Foundation Readers* contains literary selections and pictures which will convey to the young elevating thoughts, and which will inspire them to do noble deeds. In making the literary selections the following points have been considered:

1. Will the thoughts be of benefit to the children?
2. Are the thoughts expressed in good language?
3. Will the selections interest the young readers? Will they be stimulated to read more of the works of the authors quoted?
4. Will the articles chosen aid the children in understanding the good literature of the world? Will they be benefited by such aid as may be given by explaining allusions which are frequently found in the writings of our best authors; and by directing attention to the sources of many of our best productions?

For instance, in "Jason and the Golden Fleece," the young reader

finds the explanation of the much quoted sentence, "He is between Charybdis and Scylla." Also the meaning of the expression, "Sowing dragon's teeth," and of the sentence, "They obtained a victory by using Jason's method with the dragons."

Many of the selections will serve to introduce the readers to good authors and good literature. The tales of heroism, honesty, fortitude, and obedience will be found valuable aids in character building.

New words are taught when needed or when they appear in the reading lessons. The pronunciation and explanation of certain words as found at the end of many of the selections, will be of assistance by directing attention to the meaning of the words as they are used in the lessons. The explanations cannot properly be called definitions. The teacher will need to give the children opportunities to use the new words in oral and written exercises.

Attention should be directed to the subjects which have inspired writers and to the way in which different authors have treated the same subjects. Have the pupils compare the folk-lore of the different races.

PICTURES.—The pictures are after the best paintings by the best artists. The work which may be done with the pictures in this book alone is sufficient for a book in itself. A taste for good pictures, and a knowledge of where they may be found will often be safeguards against many temptations. An acquaintance with the life and works of even one good painter is sufficient to open the eyes to a world of beautiful thoughts, beautifully expressed.

The pictures in this book may be used profitably in any grade in school.

The Foundation Readers are excellent guides for a course of study of good authors and good artists. The complete works of the authors should be in the school-room where the children may see them and consult their pages.

The young should commit to memory many of the selections in this Book.

The *Teacher's Manual*, which accompanies this book, contains many valuable suggestions.

—B. E. B.

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SPRING

Mauve

SAVE THE FLAG.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR, a noted American writer and art critic, was born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in August, 1824. She died in 1900. Her chief work is "The Three Keys," a book which contains explanations of Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican.

"Lay me down and save the flag!" said brave Colonel Mulligan, when mortally wounded on the field of battle.

But what! is the flag to be of more value than a brave man's life?

It is made of bunting, with red and white stripes, and stars on a square of blue at the top. It does not cost much, and even if made of silk and gold thread, how could it be worth as much as a brave man's life?

It is not what the flag is made of, but what it means, what it stands for, that makes it worth more than a brave man's life.

The flag of a country means the country itself. When the flag is in danger the country is in danger. Brave men must fly to the rescue.

Leonardo da Vinci painted a picture called the "Battle of the Standard." Men, and even the horses they ride, are fighting each other with the utmost fury. Are they fighting for a mere rag, a piece of bunting, or even silk?

No! they are fighting for what is the symbol of their country, the symbol which stands for its safety and its honor, the National Flag.

We should be not only proud of the "Star-Spangled

Banner" of the United States, but we should be ready to defend it from dangers and from insult.

Only when we are ready to defend our country even at cost of life, can we be really good soldiers or good officers or good citizens. Only when we are resolved to do this, if need be, have we a right to sing,

"The Star Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Sȳm'bōl: a sign, a representation.

THE VAIN RUSHLIGHT.

"See how strong and bright the light which I send over the world. I am greater and more beautiful than the sun, the moon, or the stars."

As the vain Rushlight ceased speaking, it tried to send out long rays of light; but just a little breeze came along, and blew out the flame.

The owner of the Rushlight said, as he relighted it: "Your boasting makes your neighbors laugh. Be content to shine as a rushlight and not try to compare yourself with the great lights above you. Whoever saw a puff of wind blow out the light of the sun, the moon, or the stars?"

— *Æsop's Fables.*

There is nothing meaner than he who is rich, and has nothing but money. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE BOSTON BOYS IN 1775.

The British troops which were sent to Boston, previous to the commencement of the Revolutionary War, to keep that rebellious town in order, were everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of anger and detestation. During their stay the very air seemed filled with suppressed breathings of indignation.

The insolence and indiscretions of some subaltern officers increased the ill-will of the citizens, and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily. At this time the Boston boys were accustomed to build hills of snow for sliding places. It was a pleasing sight to see the sturdy lads gliding down the hard-packed snow hills and out on the pond in the Common.

The British soldiers, from mere love of tantalizing, destroyed their snow hills. The boys complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow hills leveled again.

The exasperated boys held a meeting, and decided upon a course of action. Several of them waited upon the British captain, to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers became more and more insolent.

At last the boys resolved to call a meeting of all the largest boys in town, who would go to General Gage, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. When shown

into his presence, he asked, with some surprise, why so many children had called to see him.

"We came, sir," said the foremost lad, "to claim a redress of grievances."

"What! have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and have they sent you here to utter it?"

"No one sent us, sir," replied the speaker, while his cheeks grew red and his dark eyes flashed. "We have never injured nor insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow hills, and broken the ice on the skating pond. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain of their conduct, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were a third time destroyed, and now we will bear it no longer."

General Gage looked at them with undisguised admiration, and turning to an officer who stood near him, he exclaimed: "Do you hear? The very children draw in a love for liberty with the air they breathe." After waiting a few moments, he turned to the boys and said: "You may go, my brave boys, and be assured that if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

Süb al'tērn: a commissioned military officer below the rank of captain. Tăn'ta lize: to tease or torment. Ũn ē quiv'ocal: not doubtful.

"He who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth."

FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

I was in my working dress; my best clothes were in a box that was coming by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The dollar I gave to the people of the boat for my passage; they at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but little money than when he has plenty; perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's to whom he directed me, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness, nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three large puffy rolls.

I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each

arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father. When she, standing at the door, saw me, she thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a drink of the river water! Being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which had by this time many clean-dressed people on it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting house of the Quakers, near the market.

I sat down among them, and, after looking around a while and hearing nothing — being very tired through labor and want of rest the preceding night — I fell asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and they hauled up a great number.

Hitherto I had kept my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I considered the taking of every

fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had done or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter.

All this seemed very reasonable; but I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and when this came hot out of the frying-pan it smelled admirably well. I hesitated some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs. "Then," thought I, "if you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you."

That day I dined upon cod very heartily, and I continued to eat with other people, returning only occasionally to a vegetable diet.

How convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

—*Adapted from Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography."*

In cǐ nǎ' tion (shǔn) : a leaning. Rēs' o lū' tion (shǔn) : a fixed or settled purpose.

At one time Robert Bruce, of Scotland, and a small army were in full retreat, followed by soldiers about three times their own number. A poor woman, the wife of one of the soldiers, became sick because of great fatigue and hardship.

Bruce heard of the woman's illness and called a halt to have her cared for properly so that her life might be spared.

CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

The men were drawn up in three ranks, as the first beams of morning broke on the mountain peaks, and Ethan Allen addressed them thus:

"Friends and fellow soldiers, we must this morning quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it on contrary to your will. You who will undertake it voluntarily, poise your fire-lock."

At the word every fire-lock was poised. "Face to the right," commanded Allen, as he placed himself at the head of the center file, and with Arnold by his side, marched to the gate. It was shut, but the wicket was open. The sentry snapped a fusee at him. The Americans rushed into the fort, darted upon the guards, and raising the Indian war-whoop, such as had not been heard in that region since the days of Montcalm, formed on the parade in a hollow square to face each of the barracks.

One of the sentries, after wounding an officer and being slightly wounded himself, cried out for quarter, and showed the way to the apartment of the commanding officer.

"Come forth instantly or I will destroy the whole garrison," cried Allen, as he stood at the door. At this, Delaplace, the Commander, came out half-dressed, with some of his clothes in his hand. "Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen.

"By what authority?" demanded Delaplace.

“By the authority of the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!” thundered Allen.

Delaplace began to speak again, but was interrupted by Allen, who waved his sword over the head of the British commander. Without further hesitation, Delaplace gave up the garrison and ordered his men to be paraded at once without arms.

In the gray of the morning on the 10th of May, 1775, Ticonderoga was captured by Ethan Allen and his men. What cost the British nation eight million sterling, a succession of campaigns, and many lives, was won in ten minutes by a few undisciplined men, without the loss of one life or even one man wounded. — *Adapted.*

Tī cōn der ō'ga (kōn). Pre tēn'sion (shūn) : the act of pretending.
Fū sēē' : a flintlock gun. Gār'ri son : a body of troops stationed in a fort or fortified town.

THE BROOK.

It is the mountain to the sea
That makes a messenger of me;
And, lest I loiter on the way
And lose what I am sent to say,
He sets his reverie to song,
And bids me sing it all day long.
Farewell! for here the stream is slow,
And I have many a mile to go.

— *Rev. John B. Tabb.*

A CLASS CONVERSATION.

James. — We have been reading about some of the people who were connected with the early history of our country. It may be of benefit to us to learn more about the builders of our nation.

Henry. — Do you mean Ethan Allen and Benjamin Franklin?

James. — Yes; but they are not the only men mentioned in the lessons we have had. In the brief account of the capture of Ticonderoga, the name of Arnold occurs.

Mary. — Do you mean Benedict Arnold, the traitor? We cannot consider him as one of the builders of our nation. He tried to destroy our country and undo all the grand work that had been done by Washington and others of our heroes of the Revolution.

Florence. — Mary is right about the treason of Benedict Arnold; but at first he was brave and seemed loyal to our cause. In our history work we learned that he was among the first to enter the field in defence of the Colonies. You remember reading about the military company he organized directly after the battle of Lexington. He had formed a plan to capture Ticonderoga and Crown Point even before he heard of Ethan Allen's expedition.

Julia. — Did he go as a volunteer?

Florence. — Yes, he went as a volunteer under Ethan Allen.

Robert. — I know he fought many battles for our

country, but I shall always remember that he became a traitor. He made us forget all his good deeds when he tried to sell his country.

Florence. — It is sad to think of his last days, for he was despised by both the Americans and the British. I do not like a traitor, but I feel more sorrow than hatred when I think of Benedict Arnold.

Lizzie. — Benjamin Franklin was no traitor. He had to work hard when he was a boy, but he became a great man. I wonder how many of the boys in our school will become noted men.

James. — We may never become noted, but we may do some good work. Of all the boys who lived near Franklin's home, in Boston, not one seems to have become famous. No doubt many of them were very good men.

Robert. — If I could paint I would make a picture of Benjamin Franklin with his rolls of bread, walking up Market Street, in Philadelphia. No wonder the little Read girl laughed at him.

Julia. — She did not laugh at him when she became acquainted with him. I am going to read more about Benjamin Franklin.

Nellie. — I like the lesson on the flag, our first lesson. I do like our flag.

James. — People of other countries think their own flags much prettier than ours. How strange it is that all do not see, as we do, that our "Red, White, and Blue" is the most beautiful in the world.

Florence. — We like the "Red, White, and Blue" be-

cause it is the flag of our own country and not on account of its color or shape.

Mary. — There is a little girl in our neighborhood who thinks the Russian flag is more beautiful than ours. It is not necessary to say that she came from Russia.

Robert. — I think the Boston boys did just right when they complained to General Gage about his soldiers. They ought to have remembered when they were boys and liked to coast in winter.

Lizzie. — Some men act as if they had never been young. They must have been gloomy little boys who loved work more than play.

Robert. — Who ever heard of a boy who loved work more than play? The British soldiers destroyed the snow hills to annoy the American boys. General Gage took the part of the boys when he heard how the soldiers had been treating them. We read in our history that from the mere love of tantalizing the boys, the British soldiers destroyed their snow hills.

Teacher. — Your time is up; you must postpone your conversation until another day.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. — *Franklin.*



SPRING

H. Bolton Jones

INDIAN MOTHER'S LULLABY.

CHARLES MYALL.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,
 The stars come into the sky,
 The whip-poor-will's crying, the daylight is dying,
 The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
 The squirrel has gone to his nest,
 The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
 The little ones warm with her breast.

The roebuck is dreaming, my little papoose,
 His mate lies asleep at his side,
 The breezes are pining, the moonbeams are shining
 All over the prairie so wide.

Then hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
 You sail on the river of dreams;
 Dear Manitou loves you, and watches above you
 Till time when the morning light gleams.

Man'i tou: the Indian name for the Good Spirit or the Guardian Spirit. Pa pōose': a young child, or baby, of Indian parentage in North America. Rōē'bück: a small deer, usually found in Europe and Asia in the mountains.

There is no such word as FAIL. — *Shakespeare*.

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
All shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
“Let us try,” they all whispered, “some kindness to do,
Not seek our own happiness all the day through,
Then meet in the eve in the west.”

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played “hide-and-seek” with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before him would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
 Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone,
 On hands that were folded and pale,
 And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
 That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
 Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
 And the sun, their great Father, his children was calling,
 Four sunbeams passed into the west.
 All said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
 Of others, we fill to the full our own measure."
 Then softly they sank to their rest.

FERN SONG.

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
 And spread out your palms again,
 And say, "Tho' the sun
 Hath my vesture spun,
 He had labored, alas, in vain,
 But for the shade
 That the Cloud hath made,
 And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
 Then laugh and upturn
 All your fronds, little Fern,
 And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

— *Rev. John B. Tabb.*

A PLUCKY BOY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter. "Well, my little man," said the merchant pleasantly—he had just risen from such a good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, may I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to talk with such small gentlemen. Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small for his age at that.

There were a few locks of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and, looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done stroking them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands traveled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what kind of work do you think you are able to do? Why, you can't look over the counter!"

"Oh, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please — growing fast. There! see if I can't look over the counter."

"Yes, by standing on your toes. Are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him: he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, very gravely; "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat reply. "Folks say I am very small for my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" asked the man.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine.

"You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it. And I have not had any — any breakfast, sir." The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the simple answer.

"Humph! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer *City of Boston*."

"Ah, that's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see;" and he puckered up his mouth and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his.

"Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash Number Four still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply. •

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, put his pen behind his ear and glanced curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter. "Yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did Number Four get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down for four dollars. — There! Youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother that you have a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir — work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy — or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck — those in that tenement-house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning, as Tommy ran up to his mother's room.

"I've got it, mother! I'm took! I'm a cash-boy! Don't you know when they take parcels the clerks call 'Cash'? Well, I'm that. Four dollars a week! And the man said I had real pluck — courage, you know. And

here's a dollar for breakfast. And don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now."

The house was only a little ten-by-fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked astonished; then she looked — Well, it passes my power to tell how she did look as she took her little manly boy in her arms, and hugged and kissed him; the tears, meanwhile, were streaming down her cheeks. But they were the tears of thankfulness.

THE MANLIEST MAN.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The manliest man of all the race,
 Whose heart is open as his face,
 Puts forth his hand to help another.
 'Tis not the blood of kith or kin,
 'Tis not the color of the skin;
 'Tis the true heart which beats within
 Which makes the man a man and brother.

His words are warm upon his lips,
 His heart beats to his finger-tips,
 He is a friend and loyal neighbor.
 Sweet children kiss him on the way,
 And women trust him, for they may,
 He owes no debt he cannot pay;
 He earns his bread with honest labor.

He lifts the fallen from the ground,
 And puts his feet upon the round
 Of dreaming Jacob's starry ladder,
 Which lifts him higher, day by day,
 Toward the bright and heavenly way,
 And farther from the tempter's sway,
 Which stingeth like the angry adder.

He strikes oppression to the dust,
 He shares the blows aimed at the just,
 He shrinks not from the post of danger.
 And in the thickest of the fight
 He battles bravely for the right,
 For that is mightier than might,
 Though cradled in humble manger.

Hail to the manly man! he comes
 Not with the sound of horns and drums,
 Though grand as any duke, and grander;
 He dawns upon the world, and light
 Dispels the dreary gloom of night,
 And ill, like bats and owls, take flight;
 He's greater than great Alexander.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
 -- *Shakespeare. Henry VI. Part II.*

HEROIC DEEDS.

Every word, look, or thought of sympathy with heroic action helps to make heroism.

CAPTAIN D'ASSAS.

On the 15th of October, in 1760, the French army, which was assisting Austria in the war against Prussia, was encamped near Klosterkamp.

Captain d'Assas, of the Auvergne regiment, was sent out to reconnoiter, and he moved cautiously in the direction where they feared the enemy might be, until he was some distance from his regiment.

Suddenly he found himself surrounded by a number of soldiers, whose bayonets pricked his breast, and a low whisper in his ear said: "Make the slightest noise and you are a dead man."

In a moment he understood all. The enemy was near. The soldiers were advancing silently so as to surprise the French. He had only to keep quiet and his own life would be spared, but many of his friends and countrymen would be slain.

Only a moment for prayer, not indecision, and he shouted: "Auvergne! Here are the enemy!"

By the time the cry reached the ears of his men, he was dead; but his death saved an army. The enemy retreated, knowing they could not conquer when the surprise failed.

They never fail who die in a great cause. — *Byron*.

THE YANKEE BOY.

JOHN PIERPONT.

JOHN PIERPONT (1785 - 1866), of Connecticut, published in 1816 "Airs of Palestine," and in 1840 "Airs of Palestine and Other Poems."

The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
 He knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
 The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
 Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
 His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
 Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
 And, in the education of the lad,
 No little part that implement hath had.

His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
 A growing knowledge of material things.
 Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art;
 His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,
 His elder pop-gun, with its hickory rod,
 Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
 His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
 That murmurs from his pumpkin-leaf trombone,
 Conspire to teach the boy.

To these succeed
 His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
 His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
 His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;

Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, beam ends upon the floor,
Full rigged, with raking masts and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the washtub, for a launch.

Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any gim-crack, musical or mute,
A plow, a coach, an organ or a flute;
Make you a locomotive, or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,
Or lead forth beauty from a marble rock;
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four.
Make it, said I? Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.

And when the thing is made, whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea,
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or upon land, to roll, revolve, or slide;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether to be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For when his hand's upon it, you may know,
That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

REVIEW.

Write three new words which you found in your reading lessons, beginning with the poem, "Indian Mother's Lullaby."

Write answers to the following questions, and use in your answers the words in italics:

What do the Indians mean by the word *Manitou*?

What is meant by a *lullaby*?

Why was the baby *gleeful* when the sunbeam came?

What is meant by "*Seeking the pleasure of others*"?

Is the boy *accustomed* to work?

Why do we say the boy had an *appealing* face?

Who delivers *parcels* at your house?

Who are our *kith* and *kin*?

Who were *Jacob* and *Alexander* mentioned in the poem by George W. Bungay?

Why does the *Yankee* boy like a knife?

What does he make with a *pocket-knife*?

How does he *whet* a knife?

What is meant by *staunch*?

Who wrote "*The Yankee Boy*"?

Who wrote the "*Indian Mother's Lullaby*"?

What is a *papoose*?

Where may the *roe buck* be found?

"The best reward of a kindly deed
Is the knowledge of having done it."

JAPANESE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL CAT.

A. B. MITFORD

About sixty years ago, in the summer-time, a man went to pay a visit at a certain house at Osaka, and, in the course of conversation, said: "I have eaten some very extraordinary cakes to-day," and on being asked what he meant he told the following story:

"I received the cakes from the relatives of a family who were celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the death of a cat that had belonged to their ancestor.

"When I asked the history of the affair, I was told that, in former days, a young girl of the family, when she was about sixteen years old, used always to be followed about by a cat that was reared in the house, so much so that the two were never separated for an instant.

"When her father perceived this, he was very angry, thinking the cat, forgetting the kindness that had been showered upon him for years by the family, had fallen in love with the young woman, and intended casting a spell upon her.

"The father decided he would kill the beast. As he was planning this in secret, the cat overheard him, and that night went to his pillow, and, assuming a human voice, said to the man:

"You suspect me of being in love with your daughter; and although you might be justified in so thinking, your suspicions are groundless. The fact is, there is a very

large old rat that has been in love for many years with my young mistress, and this is why I dare not leave her side for a minute, for fear the old rat will carry her off. Therefore, I pray you to dispel your suspicions. I, by myself, am no match for this rat, but there is a famous cat, named Buchi, at the house of Mr. So-and-So, at Ajikawa. If you will borrow that cat we will soon make an end of the old rat."

"When the father awoke from his dream, he thought it so wonderful that he told the household of it. The following day he got up very early and went off to Ajikawa, to inquire for the house which the cat had indicated, and had no difficulty in finding it.

"He called up the master of the house and told him what his own cat had said, and how he wanted to borrow the cat, Buchi, for a little while.

"‘That’s a very easy matter to settle,’ said the other, ‘pray take him at once;’ and so the father went back home with the cat.

"That night he put the two cats into the granary and after a little while a frightful clatter was heard, and then all was still again. The people of the house opened the door and crowded out to see what had happened. There they beheld the two cats and the rat all locked together, and panting for breath.

"They cut the throat of the rat, which was as big as either of the cats; then they attended to the two cats, but although they gave them ginseng and other restoratives, they both grew weaker and weaker, until at last they died.

The rat was thrown into the river, but the two cats were buried with all honors in a neighboring temple."

— *Adapted from "Tales of Old Japan."*

Bū'chi (chē). Ō sā ka'. Ān'cēs'tor (sēs tēr): one from whom a person is descended, as parents, grandparents, great-grandparents. Rē-stōr'ā tīve: something which serves to restore or bring back.

A GENTLE AND BRAVE HEART.

Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was an able ruler, a brave soldier, and a loyal friend. He knew no fear when the enemy was at the gates, and he was the leader wherever the danger was greatest.

One day, when on the battlefield, an officer reported to him that a swallow was building her nest upon his tent.

"Let her build it," he answered, "and see that no one disturbs her."

Soon the nest was finished, the inside made soft and warm and ready for eggs. The building of a bird's home had interested the Emperor, and each day he had watched the work. The time came for the army to march to another position. The mother-swallow was sitting on the eggs, out of which in a few days would come the little birdlings.

When the soldiers approached the Emperor's tent to remove it, Charles said: "Do not move my tent. These tender birds came to me for a home, and I shall not disturb them now when their brood will soon be with them."

The heart of the great Emperor was as gentle and tender as it was brave and true.

BEHIND TIME.

FREEMAN HUNT.

FREEMAN HUNT (1804-1858) was born at Quincy, Massachusetts; died at Brooklyn, New York. He was the founder of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time!

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated, for eight hours, on the enemy posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came in season, all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost; Napoleon died a prisoner at Saint Helena, because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting the money, had been behind time.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body hung suspended in the air. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down the hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch

had been five minutes slow, making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time."

Five minutes, in a crisis, is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "behind time."

Grouchy, de (dèh grōō she'), Emmanuel, Marquis: a French general. Waterloo (Wa tēr lōō). Īg no mīn'ī oūs: marked as a public disgrace, shameful. Īn sōl'vent: not solvent; not enough to pay one's debts. Prē cīp ī tāte: to urge or press on with eager haste. Prōv ō cā'tion (shūn): that which provokes or excites anger. Pūnc'tū al: at a regular or appointed time. Pūnc tū āl'ī tŷ: the state of being punctual. Wēal: welfare.

If it were always rain,
 The flowers would be drowned.
 If it were always sun,
 No flowers would be found.

A LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW.

IDA W. BENHAM.

A little brown seed in the furrow
Lay still in its gloomy bed,
While violets blue and lilies white
Were whispering overhead.
They whispered of glories strange and rare,
Of glittering dew and floating air,
Of beauty and rapture everywhere,
And the seed heard all they said.

Poor little brown seed in the furrow;
So close to the lilies' feet,
So far away from the great glad day,
Where life seemed all complete!
In her heart she treasured every word,
And she longed for the blessings of which she heard;
For the light that shone and the air that stirred,
In that land so wondrous sweet.

The little brown seed in the furrow
Was thrilled with a strange unrest;
A warm new life lay tremblingly
In the tiny, heaving breast;
With her two small hands clasped close in prayer,
She lifted them up in the darkness there,
Up, up, through the dark, toward sun and air,
Her folded hands she pressed.

O, little brown seed in the furrow,
At last you have pierced the mold;
And quivering with a life intense,
Your beautiful leaves unfold
Like wings outspread for upward flight;
And slowly, slowly, in dew and light
A sweet bud opens — till, in God's sight,
You wear a crown of gold.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation of speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it. They are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them, only they do not think much of themselves on that account. They do not expect their fellow-men to fall down and worship them. They feel that the greatness is not in them but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them.

— *From "Modern Painters" by Ruskin.*

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

THE FROG PRINCE.

GRIMM.

JACOB and WILLIAM GRIMM were noted German historians and writers of folk-lore. They are best known to us by their joint work, "Grimm's Fairy Tales." William Grimm died in 1859, and Jacob four years later.

There was once a king whose little daughter was so beautiful, that the sun himself almost stood still and looked in wonder upon her every day as he passed over the royal palace.

Near this palace was a rich old forest. In the forest was a deep, dark well. When the day was hot, and the little maiden was wearied, she used to like to sit beside the cool well and play with a pretty golden ball — her favorite toy.

But one day the golden ball rolled into the well. Down, down, splash it went, far out of sight.

"Oh, my beautiful toy! my beautiful toy!" wailed the princess.

"What is the matter, little princess?" said a voice from the water. "Tell me; indeed, I will help thee."

The maiden peered down into the water, wondering who could have spoken to her. But she could see no one.

Again the voice spoke: "Don't weep, little princess! Don't weep!" Again she peered down into the water. This time she saw an old frog stretching his ugly head above the water.

"Is it you, you old frog?" said the princess.

"Yes, it is I. But tell me, why do you weep?"

"Oh, my beautiful golden toy has fallen down into the water!" cried the princess, bursting into tears again.

"Do not weep, dear princess!" answered the frog. "I will help you. Tell me, what will you give me, if I bring your lost toy back to you?"

"Oh, I will give you anything!" wailed the princess, "my pearls, my jewels, even my golden crown!"

"Ah, but I do not want those," said the frog sadly. "If you will take me home with you; if you will love me and keep me with you; if you will let me be your friend, your playfellow; if —"

"Oh, I will!" answered the princess, thinking only of the golden ball. "I promise you all, all, all!"

The frog did not wait to hear another word. Down he dived and brought up the lost toy.

"Oh, my beautiful toy! my beautiful toy! I am so glad to have you in my hands again!" And off the princess ran toward the palace.

"Stop, stop!" cried the frog. "Take me with you. I cannot hop as fast as you can run!"

But she would not listen to him; and ran away as fast as ever her flying feet could carry her.

The next day the king and the princess and all the court ladies and gentlemen were sitting down to dinner. A strange little pitter, patter, hop, hop, pitter, patter, hop, hop, was heard on the marble stairs.

"Little princess, little princess! Let me in!" said a voice from outside.

The little princess went to the door. There sat the ugly frog.

"Little princess, little princess!" he began; but the

little princess shut the door in a great hurry, and went back to her dinner.

"What's the matter, my child?" asked the king, noticing how frightened she looked. "Is there a giant at the door, and has he come to carry you off?"

"Oh, father, father!" cried the little girl, creeping up close to the king's heart. "It is not a giant, but a horrid frog. Yesterday he dived into the water, and brought up my golden ball for me; and I told him he should come and live here in the palace with me. But father, father, I did not suppose he would come up out of the water. And here he is at the door."

"But, my child, you promised that he should come. A princess should never tell a lie."

Just then they heard the frog's voice again. It was a very sweet voice, as frog voices go, and it sang:

"Princess, Princess,
Open to me;
By the water well
What promised you me?
Princess, Princess,
Open to me."

So the king led his daughter to the door, and told her to open it. In hopped the frog. "Now let me sit at the table with you, little princess," said he. A chair was placed for him beside the princess.

"Now let me get up on the table, where I can eat with you," said the frog again.

"Surely it is an enchanted frog," whispered the knights and ladies to each other.

"Now push your little golden plate up close to me, that we may eat together," said the frog.

So they ate a few mouthfuls; then the little princess, angry and frightened, struck the frog with her knife and cried, "I hate you! I hate you!" and ran and buried her head in her father's robe, crying as if her heart would break.

When, lo! the frog changed at once into a handsome, brave youth — a very prince for beauty.

"There! there!" cried the guests, "it is as we said. It was an enchanted frog."

"You speak wisely," said the beautiful youth. "It was indeed an enchanted frog. Ten years ago, a wicked old witch who was jealous of my mother, laid this enchantment upon me — that I should be changed into a frog, and should remain a frog, until a princess should hate me, but still permit me to sit at the table and eat with her from her own plate."

And the youth sighed, and looked sorrowfully at the sobbing little princess.

"I, too, am of royal family," said he. "I am a prince. Good king, I love the little princess who has saved me from my enchantment."

The little princess had already ceased crying. Now she looked up; and as she saw how handsome this prince was, and how kindly he looked at her, she said: "Good prince, I am sorry I ran away from you yesterday, and I am sorry I told you I hate you."

Then all the company laughed heartily. The prince rose and bowed low before the princess, and soon they were the best of friends possible.

On the next day a golden chariot, drawn by six white horses, with golden harnesses and silver plumes, drove up to the palace door.

Why had it come, do you wonder? I am sure you can guess. It had come to take back to his own kingdom the handsome young prince.

And did he go away alone? No; with him went the princess, now his promised bride. And such a welcome as they received when they reached the royal palace, from which, ten long years before, he had been so cruelly stolen.

"I am glad you have come!" said the prince's father. "I am growing too old to govern this large country. Now it shall be yours — all yours. And I shall be happy, indeed, to see you reigning in my place."

The prince was a kind man and all his people loved him. And the princess? How the people worshipped her! The beautiful, beautiful princess — so beautiful that the sun himself almost stood still to wonder at her as he passed each day over the royal palace.

— *Adapted from "Grimm's Fairy Tales."*

Chārī ōt: a two wheeled car for war or state processions. Later a four wheeled carriage with one seat. En chant': to charm. Reign (rān): to rule as a king rules over his people.

"Never leave till to-morrow what you can do to-day."



AUTUMN OAKS

George Inness

THE GRATEFUL FOXES.

A. B. MITFORD.

One spring day, two friends went out to a moor to gather fern. As they were straying about, they saw at the foot of a hill a fox that had brought its cub out to play; and while they looked on, struck by the strangeness of the sight, three children came up from a neighboring village with baskets in their hands, on the same errand as themselves.

When the children saw the foxes, they picked up a bamboo stick and approached the creatures. After the old foxes took to flight, they surrounded the young ones and beat them with the stick until they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them; but two of the boys caught the cub, and holding it by the back of the neck, went off in great glee.

The two friends were looking on all the time, and one of them, raising his voice, shouted out, "Halloo! you boys! what are you doing with that fox?"

The eldest of the boys replied, "We're going to take him home and sell him to a young man in our village. He'll buy him, and then he'll boil him in a pot and eat him."

"Well," replied the man, after considering the matter carefully, "I suppose it's all the same to you to whom you sell him. You'd better let me have him."

"Oh, but the young man promised us a good round

sum if we could find a fox, and he urged us to come out to the hills to catch one; and so we can't sell him to you at any price."

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped, then; but how much would the young man give you for the cub?"

"Oh, he'll give us three hundred cash, at least."

"Then I'll give you half a *bu*,¹ and so you'll gain five hundred cash by selling him to me."

"We'll sell him for that, sir. How shall we hand him to you?"

"Just tie him up here," said the man. He made the cub fast with the string of a napkin and gave a half *bu* to the three boys, who ran away delighted.

The man's friend said to him, "Well, certainly you have queer tastes. What on earth are you going to keep the fox for?"

"How very unkind of you to speak of my tastes like that. If we had not interfered now, the cub would have lost its life. If we had not seen the affair there would have been no help for it. How could I stand by and see life taken? It was but a little I spent to save the cub, but had it cost a fortune I would not have begrudged it. I thought you were intimate enough with me to know my heart, but to-day you have accused me of being eccentric, and I see how mistaken I have been in you. However, our friendship shall cease from this day forth."

When he said this, with much firmness, the other, retiring backward and bowing low with his hands on his knees, replied:

"Indeed, indeed, I am filled with admiration at the goodness of your heart. When I hear you speak thus, I feel more than ever the love I bear you. I thought you might use the cub as a decoy to lead the old ones to you, that you might pray them to bring prosperity and virtue to your house. When I called you eccentric just now, I was but trying your heart, because I had some suspicions of you, and now I am truly ashamed of myself."

When he had finished speaking, the other replied, "Really, was that indeed your thought? Then I pray you forgive my harsh words."

When the two friends had thus become reconciled, they examined the cub, and saw that it had a slight wound in its foot and could not walk. While they were thinking what they could do, they saw the herb called "Doctor's Nakasé," which was just sprouting, so they rolled up a little and applied it to the wound. Then they took some boiled rice from their luncheon box and offered it to the cub, but it showed no signs of wanting to eat. They stroked it gently on the back and petted it, and as the pain of the wound seemed to have subsided, they were admiring the properties of the herb, when, opposite to them, they saw the old foxes sitting beside some stacks of rice straw watching them.

"Look there! the old foxes have come back, out of fear for their cub's safety. Come, we will set it free!" They at once untied the cub and turned its head toward the spot where the old foxes sat. The wounded foot was no longer painful, and with one bound it dashed toward

its parents and licked them all over for joy, while they seemed to bow their thanks to the two friends. The two men, with peace in their hearts, went off to another place and, choosing a pretty spot, ate their noonday meal. After a pleasant day, they returned to their homes, and became firmer friends than ever.

The man who had rescued the cub was a tradesman in good circumstances. He was married and had one son who had reached his tenth year, but he had been attacked by a strange disease that defied all skill and drugs of physicians. At last a famous physician prescribed the liver taken from a live fox, which he said would certainly effect a cure. If that were not forthcoming, the most expensive medicine in the world would not restore the boy's health.

When the parents heard this they were at their wits' end. However, they stated the case to a man who lived on the mountain. "Even though our child should die for it," they said, "we will not ourselves deprive other creatures of their lives, but if you should hear your neighbors were going fox-hunting, we pray you buy a fox's liver of one of them at our expense. We care not what you may have to pay for it." The mountaineer promised faithfully to do as he was asked, and then went his way.

In the night of the following day there came a messenger, who announced himself as coming from the person who had undertaken to get the fox's liver. The master of the house went out to see him.

"I have come from the man in the mountains. Last night the fox's liver that you asked him to get for you fell

into his hands, so he sent me to bring it to you." With these words the messenger produced a small jar, adding, "In a few days he will let you know the price."

When he had delivered his message, the master of the house was greatly pleased, and said: "Indeed, I am deeply grateful for this kindness, for now my son's life will be saved."

Then the good wife came out and received the jar with every mark of politeness.

"We must make a present to you," said the father.

"Indeed, sir, I've already been paid for my trouble."

"Well, at any rate you must stay with us for the night."

"Thank you, sir; I've a relative in the next village whom I have not seen for a long while, and I will pass the night with him," and so he took his leave, and went his way.

The parents lost no time in sending to let the physicians know that they had procured the fox's liver. The next day the doctor came and prepared the medicine for the patient, which at once produced a good effect, and there was great joy in the household.

In three days the man whom they had asked to buy the fox's liver came to the house. The good wife hastened out to welcome him.

"How quickly you fulfilled our wishes and how kind of you to send the liver at once! The doctor prepared the medicine, and now our boy can get up and walk about the room; and it is all owing to your kindness."

"Wait a bit!" cried the guest, who did not know what

to make of the joy of the two parents. "The commission with which you entrusted me about the fox's liver turned out to be a matter of impossibility, so I came to-day to make my excuses. I really cannot understand why you are so grateful to me."

"We are thanking you, sir," replied the father of the boy, bowing, with his hands on the ground, "for the fox's liver which we asked you to procure for us."

"Really, I am perfectly unaware of having sent you a fox's liver; there must be some mistake. Pray inquire carefully into the matter."

"Well, this is indeed very strange! Four nights ago, a man of some five or six and thirty years of age came with a verbal message from you, to the effect that you sent him with a fox's liver, which you had just procured, and said that you would come to tell us the price another day. When we asked him to spend the night here, he answered that he would lodge with a relative in the next village, and then went away."

The visitor was lost in amazement, and leaning his head on one side in deep thought, confessed he could make nothing of it, and so he took his leave and went home.

That night there appeared at the pillow of the master of the house a woman of about one or two and twenty years of age, who said, "I am the fox that lives at such-and-such a mountain. Last spring when I was taking out my cub to play, it was carried off by some boys, and saved only by your kindness. The desire to return this kindness pierced me to the quick. At last, when calamity came to

your house, I thought I might be of use to you. Your son's illness could not be cured without a liver taken from a live fox, so to repay your kindness I killed my cub and took out its liver; then its sire, disguising himself as a messenger, brought it to you."

As she spoke, the fox shed tears, and the master of the house, wishing to comfort her, moved in bed, upon which his wife awoke and asked him what the matter was; but he, too, to her great astonishment, was weeping bitterly.

"Why are you weeping thus?" she asked.

At last he sat up in bed and said: "Last spring when I was out on a pleasure excursion, I was the means of saving the life of a fox's cub, as I told you at the time. The other day I told Mr. So-and-So that although my son were to die before my eyes I would not be the means of killing a fox on purpose, but I asked him, in case he heard of any hunter killing a fox to buy it for me. How the foxes came to hear of this I do not know, but the foxes to whom I had shown kindness killed their own cub and took out the liver; and the old father fox, disguising himself as a messenger from the man to whom we had confided the commission, came here with it. His mate has just been at my pillow and told me all about it, and in spite of myself I was moved to tears."

When she heard this, the good wife likewise was blinded by her tears, and for a while they lay lost in thought; but soon they lighted the lamp on the shelf on which stood the family idol, and spent the rest of the night in reciting

prayers and praises. The next day they told all about the affair to their relatives and friends.

The boy who had recovered through the efficacy of the medicine, selected the prettiest spot on the premises and erected a shrine to *Inari Sama*, the Fox God, and offered sacrifice to the two old foxes, for whom he purchased the highest rank at the court of the Mikado.

— *Adapted from "Tales of Old Japan."*

¹ *Bu* is a coin worth about thirty cents.

² *Inari Sama* is the title under which was deified a certain mythical personage, to whom tradition attributes the honor of having first discovered and cultivated the rice plant. He is represented carrying a few ears of rice, and is symbolized by a snake guarding a bale of rice grain. The foxes wait upon him and do his bidding. As rice is the principal food product of Japan, the honors which *Inari Sama* receives are extraordinary; almost every house in the country contains somewhere about the grounds a shrine in his honor.

Be grudge (be grūj') : to grudge, or to envy one the possession of something. Cà lām'ī tŷ : a great misfortune or cause of trouble. Ec centric (ĕk sĕn' trik) : an odd or peculiar acting person. Mŷth'ī cal : pertaining to a myth, or a story like a myth or old legend. Sŭb sīde' : to become quiet. Trā di tion (dīsh'ūn) : that which has been told from one generation to another and usually relating to belief and good conduct.

Lost! yesterday! somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

— *Horace Mann.*

OCTOBER.

ANDREW MCLACHLAN.

ANDREW MCLACHLAN, a Canadian poet, was born in 1820. His writings and noble life were appreciated by the citizens of Toronto, who presented him with a farm in Amaranth, Ontario.

Compare this poem on "October" with other poems on the same month.

See how the great old forest vies
With all the glory of the skies,
In streaks without a name;
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,
And temples lit with crimson fires,
And palaces of flame!
And domes on domes that gleam afar,
Through many a gold and crimson bar,
With azure overhead;
While forts, with towers on towers arise
As if they meant to scale the skies,
With banner bloody red!

Here, orange groves that seem asleep;
There, stately avenues that sweep
To where the land declines;
There, starting up in proud array,
With helmets flashing to the day,
Troop upon troop of pines!
Here, evergreens that have withdrawn,
And hang around the open lawn
With shadows creeping back;
While yonder, girdled hemlocks run

Like fiery serpents to the sun,
Upon their gleaming track!

And, in the distance far apart,
As if to shame man's proudest art,
Cathedral arches spread;
While yonder ancient elm has caught
A glory, 'yond the reach of thought,
Upon his hoary head.
But every object, far and wide —
The very air is glorified —
A perfect dream of bliss!
Earth's greatest painters never could,
Nor poet in inspired mood,
Imagine aught like this.

O what are all ambition's gains!
What matters it who rules or reigns
While I have standing here!
Gleams of unutterable things,
The work of the great King of kings!
God of the full-crowned year!
October, thou'rt a marvelous sight,
And with a rapture of delight
We hail thy gorgeous pinion;
To elevate our hearts thou'rt here,
To bind us with a tie more dear
To our beloved Dominion!

Mār/vēl : to be filled with wonder and sur-
taining to the wonderful that is like to a mira

vēl ous : per-

REVIEW.

What is meant by folk-lore?

Tell the story about the "Faithful Cat."

To what country does this story belong?

Name another story belonging to the same country.

How do these stories teach the lesson of gratitude?

Where did the Grimm brothers live?

Tell the story of the "Frog Prince."

When the fathers and mothers tell the story of the "Frog Prince" to their children, what lessons do they wish to teach?

Who wrote the article, "Behind Time"?

Name some dangers that may result from having a habit of being behind time.

What are some of the beautiful thoughts in the poem, "A Little Brown Seed in the Furrow"?

What caused the "strange unrest"?

How did the little brown seed send up a plant?

When did the "beautiful leaves unfold"?

Who wrote "October"?

What other poets have written about October?

Read Andrew McLachlan's poem, "October," and select two beautiful thoughts.

Folk-löre: tales, legends, or superstitions long known and told among the people of a nation or a race.

You are known by the company you keep.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796) was born in Clay Cottage, a mile and a half from the town of Ayr, near the famous Alloway Kirk. His father was a poor man, unable to give the boy the advantages of a good education. Many of Burns' poems were suggested to him by his work in the fields. This poem was written after he had been plowing a field in which were daisies.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
 For I must crush 'mong the stoure¹
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie² gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and walls must shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield ³
 Of clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie ⁴ stibble ⁵ field,
 Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snowie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the plow uptears thy bed
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskillful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Ev'n thou who mournest the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

¹ stoure: dust; ² bonnie: beautiful; ³ bield: shelter; ⁴ histie: dry; ⁵ stibble: stubble.

THE MAGIC SWAN.

ANDREW LANG.

ANDREW LANG (1844-), born in Scotland, writer of prose and verse. His "Green Fairy Book," from which this selection is taken, is a favorite.

Once upon a time there was a youth named Peter. He had two elder brothers, who were very unkind to him, so unkind that often he wished he had never been born. One day, when he was in the wood gathering sticks and crying bitterly, a little old woman came up to him, and asked him what was the matter; and he told her all his troubles.

"Come, my good youth," said the old dame, "is not the world wide enough? Why do you not set out and try your fortune somewhere else? I will tell you what you must do, for I have taken a fancy to you, and I am sure you will not forget me when you are rich and great."

Peter said that he would not forget her, and the old woman went on with her talk. "This evening at sunset go to yonder pear tree. Under it you will find

lying asleep, and a beautiful swan will be fastened to the tree close to him. You must be careful not to wake the man, but you must unfasten the swan and take it away with you. You will find that everyone will fall in love with its fine feathers, but you must not let anyone pull out a feather. As soon as the swan feels as much as a finger on it, it will scream out, and then you must say, 'Swan, hold fast!'

"Then the hand of the person who has touched the swan will be held fast, and nothing will set it free, unless you touch it with this little stick which I will give you. When you have caught several people in this way, lead them straight on with you, until you come to a big town where a princess lives, who was never known to laugh. If you can only make her laugh, your fortune is made. Then I beg you not to forget your old friend."

Peter said again that he would not forget her, and at sunset he went to the tree which the old woman had pointed out. The man lay there fast asleep, and a beautiful swan was fastened to the tree beside him by a red cord. Peter loosed the bird, and led it away with him, without disturbing the master.

He walked on with it for some time, and at last he came to a yard where some men were at work. They were all pleased with the bird's fine feathers; and one fond youth, who was covered with clay from head to foot, called out, "Oh, if only I had one of those feathers, how happy I should be!"

"Pull one out, then," said Peter kindly; and the youth

seized one from the bird's tail. The swan screamed, and Peter called out: "Swan, hold fast!" Do what he would, the poor youth could not get away his hand. The more he screamed, the more the others laughed, till a girl who had been washing clothes in a stream close by, hurried up to see what was the matter. When she saw the poor boy fastened to the swan she felt so sorry for him that she stretched out her hand to free him.

The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" cried Peter, and the girl was caught, also. When Peter had gone on for a bit, they met a chimney sweep, who laughed loudly over the strange troop, and asked the girl what she was doing.

"Oh, dearest John," said the girl, "give me your hand and set me free from this dreadful man."

"I will, if that is all you want," said the sweep, and he gave the girl his hand. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" said Peter, and the black man was added to the troop.

They soon came to a village where a fair was being held. A clown was just performing his tricks. He opened his eyes wide when he saw the three fastened to the swan's tail.

"Have you gone raving mad, Blackie?" he asked, as well as he could for laughing.

"It's no laughing matter," the sweep replied. "This girl has hold of me so tight that I feel as if I were glued to her. Do set me free, like a good clown, and I will do you a good turn some day." The clown at once grasped the

dirty hand. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" called out Peter, and the clown became the fourth of the party.

Now, in the crowd was the mayor of the village, who was much put out by what he thought was nothing but a foolish trick. So angry was he that he seized the clown by the hand and tried to tear him away, in order to hand him over to the police. Then the bird screamed, and Peter called out: "Swan, hold fast!" and the mayor was fastened to the rest.

The mayoress, a long, thin stick of a woman, mad at the insult done to her husband, seized his free arm and tore at it with all her might; and she, too, was forced to join the rest. After this none else had any wish to join them.

Soon Peter saw the towers of the town in front of him. A coach came out, in which was seated a young lady, beautiful as the day, but with a very sad face. No sooner had she seen the crowd fastened to the swan's tail than she burst into a loud laugh, which was joined by all her servants and ladies-in-waiting.

"The princess has laughed at last!" they all cried with joy. She stepped out of her carriage to look more closely at the wonderful sight, and laughed again at the capers which the poor people cut. She ordered her carriage to be turned around, and drove slowly back into the town, never taking her eyes off Peter and his train.

When the king heard that his daughter had laughed, he was more than delighted, and had Peter and his followers

brought before him. When he saw them, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"My good friend," he said to Peter, "do you know what I promised the person who could make the princess laugh?"

"No, I do not," said Peter. "Then I will tell you," answered the king; "a thousand gold crowns or a piece of land. Which will you choose?"

Peter said that he would have the land. Then he touched the youth, the girl, the sweep, the clown, the mayor, and the mayoress with his little stick, and they were all free again, and ran away home as if a fire were burning behind them; and their flight gave rise to more laughing.

The princess felt moved to stroke the swan. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" called out Peter, and so he won the princess for his bride. Then the swan flew up into the air, and vanished in the blue sky.

Peter now became a very great man indeed; but he did not forget the little old woman who had been the cause of all his good fortune, and he made her head housekeeper to him and his royal bride in their grand castle.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
 Flit o'er the summer grass,
 So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
 Earth's generations pass.

— *Faber.*

PEGASUS.

Pegasus was a beautiful winged horse that sprang from the body of Medusa when she was slain by the hero, Perseus, the son of Zeus and Danaë. Spreading out his wings, he at once flew to the top of Mount Olympus. Zeus gave him a place in his palace and employed him to carry the thunder and lightning. Pegasus permitted none but the gods to mount him, except in the case of Bellerophon, whom, at the command of Athene, he carried aloft, in order that he might slay the Chimæra with his arrows.

Later poets represent Pegasus as being at the service of the Muses. He appears to stand for poetical inspiration which tends to develop man's higher nature, and causes the mind to soar heavenward. The only mention of the ancient writers of Pegasus in connection with the Muses is the story of his having, by a stamp of his foot, when reprimanding Mount Helicon for moving without the permission of Poseidon, caused the waters to gush forth, and thus made the sacred fountain of Hippocrene from which the Muses quaffed their richest draughts of inspiration.

Read Longfellow's story of the origin of the fountain.

Athene (a thē'nè). Chimæra (kī mē'rä). Helicon (hēl'ē kōn). Hippocrene (hīp pō crē'nē). Olympus (ō lym'pūs). Pō seī'dōn. Zeus (zūs).

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

— *Kingsley*.



DEER IN THE FOREST

Rosa Bonheur

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN

JAMES MORIER.

JAMES MORIER (1780-1849), an English writer, who lived in Persia several years. He wrote two books on travel in Persia.

In the reign of Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, there lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim beard and whiskers with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at last he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not a Beg or an Aga.

Wood or fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad, and as his shop consumed a great deal, the woodcutters brought their loads to him in preference, as they were almost sure of meeting with a ready sale.

It happened one day that a poor woodcutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words: "For all the wood that was upon the ass."

The woodcutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money.

"You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber. "I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain; that was our agreement."

"How!" said the other, in great amazement. "Who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible."

In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the Cadi, and stated his griefs. The Cadi was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The woodcutter went to a higher judge; but he, also, patronized Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the Mufti himself, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran, and therefore he must put up with his loss.

The woodcutter was not disheartened; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when the Caliph went in state to the mosque. The Caliph's promptness in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the woodcutter was called to his presence. When he approached the Caliph he knelt and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covering the sleeve of his cloak and his feet close together, he waited the decision of his case.

"Friend," said the Caliph, "the barber has words on his side; you have equity on yours. The law must be

defined by words, and agreements must be made in words. The former must have its course, or it is nothing; the agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man. Therefore the barber must keep all his word." Then calling the woodcutter close to him, the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied.

The woodcutter, having made his obeisance, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter and proceeded to his home. A few days after he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, and requested that he and a companion of his from the country might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled.

When the woodcutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was.

"He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently."

Accordingly, he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter.

"This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him."

"Shave him!" exclaimed the barber in the greatest surprise. "It is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you; and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to Jericho." Forthwith he drove them out of the shop.

The woodcutter immediately went to the Caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case.

"'Tis well," said the commander of the faithful "Bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers, and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him.

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the Caliph. "Was not that your agreement?"

Ali, kissing the ground, answered: "'Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement; but whoever made a companion of an ass before? Or who ever before thought of treating it as a true believer?"

"You may say right," said the Caliph; "but, at the same time, whoever thought of insisting on a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no; it's the woodcutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences."

The barber was then obliged to prepare a large quantity of soap to lather the beast from head to foot and to shave him, in the presence of the Caliph and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughter of all the bystanders. The poor woodcutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

Bäg däd'. Caliph (kā'lif) : a ruler or sultan of Turkey. Āl tēr cā-tion (shūn) : a dispute. Cadi (kā'dī) : a magistrate or judge among the Mohammedans, usually of a town or village. Kō'ran : the Bible of the Mohammedans. Mūf'tī : one who explains the Mohammedan law. Ō bēi-sance (sns) : a bow to signify obedience.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

MARY K. KROUT.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
To songs that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
 The humble and poor become great;
 And so, from these brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
 The pen of the author and statesman,
 The noble and wise of the land,
 The sword and the chisel and palette
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

A STRANGE MECHANIC.

The following is related of Gilbert Stuart, an American artist. He was at an inn where he had arranged for a night's lodging and the other guests were desirous of finding out his occupation or profession. The method of roundabout questioning was adopted, as follows:

Stuart answered, with grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed the hair of ladies and gentlemen. At that time high-cropped, pomatumed hair was all the fashion.

"Then you are a hair dresser?" asked one.

"What!" said he; "do I look like a barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are?"

"Why," said Stuart, "I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"Oh, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"

"A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Oh, you are a tailor?"

"A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you I never handled a goose, except a roasted one."

By this time the company were all in a roar. "What are you, then?" said one.

"I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats and waistcoats, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

"Oh, ho! a boot and shoe maker, after all."

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing."

"Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my real profession. I get my bread by making faces."

He then changed his countenance, and twisted his face in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Mathews might have envied.

His companions, after long peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre; and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession, when, to their utter astonishment, he assured them he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse or any similar place of amusement.

Now all looked at one another in utter amazement.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companions: "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words — I am a portrait painter!

"If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be pleased to brush your coat or hat, dress your hair, supply you, if need be, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or a cravat, and make faces for you."

Valet (vål'ët or vål'a) : a man who is a body servant to a gentleman.

When and where did Gilbert Stuart live?

What president of the United States sat for Stuart to paint his portrait? Describe this portrait.

If Stuart had been a teacher, how might he have answered his questions? If he had been a lawyer, how might he have answered?

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our Mother Nature laughs around;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

REVIEW.

Name the authors of "The Magic Swan," "To a Mountain Daisy," and "Little Brown Hands."

Tell the story of "Paid in His Own Coin."

Where did the people live who are mentioned in this story?

Name two stories which teach us to be kind to animals.

In what country did Andrew Lang live?

Why were so many kind to Peter, as told in "The Magic Swan"?

Who was Gilbert Stuart?

What were the people at the inn trying to learn?

Tell some of the things that the "Little Brown Hands" do?

What is meant by the "Fairy barks that have drifted to land"?

What is meant by the last four lines in the poem, "Little Brown Hands"?

What is the meaning of each of the following words: Valet, dismal, beguiled, plight, palette, mechanic, poma-tumed, inferred, adjust, poultry, meditate, perilous, caliph, demean, punctuality, provision?

Who does the best his circumstances allow,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.

— *Young.*

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE A SILENT LIAR.

Frank Chase was a boy who had never had much chance to go to school; hence, he was behind the other boys in all his studies except writing. Frank was ready with his pen.

There were prizes given in Frank's school, and he was anxious to merit one of them. As he had no hope of excelling in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the writing prize with all his might. He tried so hard, and succeeded so well, that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age.

When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said:

"It would be difficult to say which of these two copy-books is the better, were it not for one copy in Frank's which is not only superior to Henry's, but to every other copy in the same book."

Frank's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmixed with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said: "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Frank glanced at the copy, and then handing back the book, said: "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper class boy, who took my book instead of his own, one day, by mistake."

"Oh, ho!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case."

The two books went back to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Henry.

Frank was disappointed. The boys laughed at him. Said one very rude boy: "You were a foolish boy to say anything about that mistake!"

"I wouldn't have told!" cried another boy.

"Nor I," added a third boy, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it. I tell you, it doesn't pay, Frank, to be so good as that."

But in spite of all they said, Frank felt that he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told them who wrote the copy. I would rather never have a prize than get it by claiming the work of some one else."

"Hurrah for Frank!" "Three cheers for Frank!" shouted most of the boys; and Frank went home to his work feeling happier than he could have done if, by means of a silent lie, he had won the prize.

You see that, if Frank had kept quiet, he would have told a silent lie. His silence would have given the committee a wrong impression, and he would have cheated Henry out of the prize. Now that you know what a silent lie is, I hope you will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying. Hold fast to the truth!

Think the thoughts of the wise and speak the language of the simple.

LULLABY.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892) was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England. He is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, poet of modern times.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

— *Cowper.*

PEGASUS IN POUND.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) was born at Portland, Maine. He wrote both prose and poetry, but he is famous as a poet.

Once into a quiet village,
 Without haste and without heed,
 In the golden prime of morning,
 Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was autumn, and incessant
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
 And, like living coals, the apples
 Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
 From its belfry gaunt and grim;
 'Twas the daily call to labor,
 Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
 In its gleaming vapor veiled;
 Not the less he breathed the odors
 That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
 By the school-boys he was found;
 And the wise men, in their wisdom,
 Put him straightway into pound.

Then the somber village crier,
 Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
 There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
 Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
 Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
 Fell, with vapors cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
 Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
 Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
 Sounded from its dark abode,
And from out a neighboring farmyard,
 Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
 Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
 To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
 Woke to all its toil and care,
 Lo! the strange steed had departed,
 And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward ·
 Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
 Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
 From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
 Gladdens the whole region round,
 Strengthening all who drink its waters,
 While it soothes them with its sound.

Pěg'á sūs. Á lēc'trȳ òn. Clamorous (klām ěř ůs) : calling or demanding urgently. Sǒm'bēr : somewhat dark.

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in His Heaven—
 All's right with the world.

— *Robert Browning.*



SHEEPFOLD

Chas. Emile Jacques

WALTER'S BIRDS.

AGNES REPPLIER.

AGNES REPPLIER, an American writer of essays. She ranks among the best writers of the country.

Many years ago, there lived in Germany a poet named Walter of Vogelweide, who sang so sweetly that the great ladies at Court and the poor peasants in the field alike loved to listen to him.

"Walter sings like a bird," they said; and this was the praise he valued most; for, of all things on earth, the little birds were dearest to his heart.

He was very gentle and very gay, and he was noted specially for three things: a great pity for the heathen, a great devotion to Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, and a great love for flowers and birds.

When winter came, and the swallows flew to the south, Walter's heart was heavy and downcast.

"The hoar-frost thrilled the little birds with pain,
And they forgot to sing,"

he wrote sadly in one of his poems.

When spring returned, and the green woods rang with merry chirping, Walter was happy as a lark, and would wander abroad for days, listening to his feathered friends, and matching his own notes with theirs.

When the hour of death was at hand, the poet even then remembered his old favorites, and begged that he might be buried under a linden tree in the cloister of Wurz-

burg Minster, where the robin and the thrush loved to nest. He left his little fortune to the monks upon two conditions: that they would pray every day for his soul, and every day feed the birds upon his grave.

So for many, many years, in times of peace and times of war, a dole of bread was scattered each morning over the tomb where Walter lay, and hundreds of little birds collected there to feed.

The spot grew famous, and strangers from all parts of Germany came to visit the poet's resting-place, and to listen to the little songsters that repeated over and over again, in their joyous warblings, the name of Vogelweide.

No one ever threw a stone at them, no one ever disturbed their glee.

Even the children would not harm them, but stood by gently, with fingers on their lips, whispering to one another: "They are Walter's birds."

Wurzburg (würts'böörō). Minster (mīn'stēr) : a church connected with a monastery.

A CAVALCADE.

"Thistle-down, thistle-down, whither away?
Will you not longer abide?"

"Nay, we have wedded the winds to-day,
And home with the rovers we ride."

— *Rev. J. B. Tabb.*

BOBOLINK.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

Merry mad-cap on the tree,
Who so happy are as thee?
Is there aught so full of fun,
Half so happy 'neath the sun;
With thy merry whiskodink?
Bobolink! Bobolink!

With thy mates such merry meetings,
Such queer jokes and funny greetings;
Oh, such running and such chasing!
Oh, such banter and grimacing!
Thou'rt the wag of wags the pink —
Bobolink! Bobolink!

How you tumble 'mong the hay,
Romping all the summer's day;
Now upon the wing all over,
In and out among the clover,
Far too happy e'er to think —
Bobolink! Bobolink!

Now thou'rt on the apple tree,
Crying, "Listen unto me!"
Now upon the mossy banks,

Where thou cuttest up such pranks —
 One would think thou wert in drink —
 Bobolink! Bobolink!

Nothing can'st thou know of sorrow,
 As to-day shall be to-morrow;
 Never dost thou dream of sadness —
 All thy life a merry madness;
 Never may thy spirits sink —
 Bobolink! Bobolink!

Grimacing (grī mās'ing) : making faces.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine its narrow sword-shaped strip of tufted green.

Nothing there, as it seems, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point — not a perfect point, but blunt and unfinished.

And yet, think well of it, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes, or good for food — stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak — there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow blade of green.

— *From "Modern Painters" by Ruskin.*

THE CANADIAN SONG-SPARROW.

J. D. EDGAR.

JAMES D. EDGAR, of Toronto, Ontario; a lawyer and poet. He has been for some years a member of the Canadian Parliament. His writings show he is a keen observer, as well as a writer. He attaches the following note to these lines about the songs-parrow of Canada:

"Every resident in the northern and eastern counties of the Dominion has heard the note of the song-sparrow in all the woods and fields through the early days of spring. While his voice is familiar to the ear, very few can boast of having seen him, so carefully does he conceal himself from view. He dwells long upon his first and second notes, and, in metrical phrase, he forms a distinct 'spondee'? He then rattles off at least three 'dactyls' in quick succession. In different localities, different words are supplied to his music. Early settlers heard him echoing their despair with 'Hard times in Canada, Canada, Canada.' Others maintain that he is searching for traces of a dark crime, and unceasingly demands to know 'Who-killed-Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy?' The thrifty farmer detects the words of warning, 'Come-now-sow-the-wheat, sow-the-wheat, sow-the-wheat.' The writer has distinctly recognized in the little song the melancholy sentiments indicated in these lines."

From the leafy maple ridges,
 From the thickets of the cedar,
 From the alders by the river,
 From the bending willow branches,
 From the hollows and the hillsides,
 Through the lone Canadian forest,
 Comes the melancholy music,
 Oft repeated — never changing —
 "All-is-vanity-vanity-vanity."

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,
 Sowing seed with hope of harvest,

In the orchard white with blossom,
 In the early field of clover,
 Comes the little brown-clad singer,
 Flitting in and out of bushes,
 Hiding well behind the fences,
 Piping forth his song of sadness —
 “Poor-hu-manity-manity-manity.”

A CLASS PARTY.

Jane. — Let us have a class party to-day. We have not had one for some time.

Martin. — Let us each select one character from our last reading lessons. I will be Frank Chase.

Robert. — Well, I rather like that boy myself, but as you have taken him, I'll be Pegasus, the winged steed.

James. — Modest boys, both of you. Look at me! I'm Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Jane. — You have not given me a chance to speak; but please understand I'm Alfred Tennyson.

Sarah. — I think I'll be Agnes Repplier, for I've heard that she has written books — whole books — about cats, and I like cats.

Henry. — Listen to me. I'm a Canadian; I'm Alexander McLachlan.

Charles. — And I'm another Canadian, James D. Edgar, at your service.

Katherine. — You have left nothing for me, so I shall just preside at the party. I hereby nominate myself. All in favor of me say "Aye."

All. — Aye.

Katherine. — There, I'm elected. Now, let me think — how shall I conduct this party? You each know what you are to represent. I shall call on each one to contribute something towards the entertainment; but what you say must be in keeping with the character you have chosen. We are pleased to have with us to-day Frank Chase, whom you have all met. He will say a few words to you.

Martin. — You all know I did not get the prize for good writing, but I believe I won a prize. Were you ever tempted to tell a lie? For a few seconds I believe I was tempted; but I just downed the old tempter and won a victory over him. I won a prize by learning how happy I feel when Right and I are on the same side.

- *Katherine.* — We all rejoice with Frank Chase on having won so great a victory. We have the great honor of having with us to-day the celebrated poet, Alfred Tennyson. We shall be pleased to hear from him.

The class may work out the rest of the play, remembering to include all the characters to be found on pages 79 to 90 inclusive. Find out more about the *Walter* whom Agnes Repplier mentions. An account of him may be found in an encyclopedia under *Walter von der Vogelweide* or *Walther von der Vogelweide*. Notice the two articles on *Pegasus*.

This exercise can be made most interesting and profitable if the pupils will prepare for the work.

THE FIELD OF THE FRIGHTFUL BEASTS.

JANE BARLOW.

JANE BARLOW, an Irish writer of prose and poetry, has published "Bogland Studies," "A Creel of Irish Stories," "Irish Idylls," and other books. Her home is at Raheny, Ireland.

This selection is from a charming book, "The Land of the Shamrock," Copyright, 1900, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

MacBarry bore a heavy weight on his mind through a part of his summer at Clonmanavon, which, being only the sixth one in his life, seemed to him a season without any beginning or end.

He was visiting his great-grandmother, Mrs. Kavanagh, who for each of his years could have given a baker's dozen of her own, and still have had several left over.

Through the glowing July days the old lady worked away, steadily and swiftly, at sundry woolen garments, sometimes expressing a fear, as her needles clicked, that she would hardly have them ready for the boys before the cold weather began. The youngest of these boys would never see fifty again, and Mrs. Kavanagh knitted the faster whenever she thought of her Johnnie's rheumatism. To Mac, on the contrary, it never occurred at this time that the days were ever going to be otherwise than warm and long, with hummings in the sunshiny air; neither did he concern himself about anybody's tendency to aches and stiffness. His cares had quite a different cause.

It was one of his great-grandmother's household laws that he should every morning take a walk, attended by Kate Heron, the housemaid. Kate, duly carrying out this

decree, would fain have supplemented it with another, to the effect that their walk should always bring them along Madden's Lane, where some of her friends lived.

On their first few walks she met with no opposition to her wishes. Mac, knowing but little about the neighborhood, had no choice of routes, and was content to amuse himself with his shaggy-coated, small terrier, Gaby; while Kate's large flowery hat bobbed in deep conference with emerging shawled heads, or vanished altogether for a few minutes, diving into shadows beneath a shock of thatch and wavering blue smoke plume.

One morning, when they were on their way home, and had come near the corner of the road, which was only a hundred yards or so from his great-grandmother's gate, Mac made a very dreadful discovery..

He happened to glance at the top of the wall by which they were passing. A high old stone wall it was; three, or perhaps four times the height of Mac himself — yet over it he saw projecting the heads of two cows and a sorrel pony gazing down calmly into the road. The sight filled him with dismay; in fact, he was almost startled into betraying horrified surprise.

‘My goodness, Kate!’ he began, forgetting his dignity so far as to pull the fringe of her amber-bordered brown shawl.

“What ails you at all, Master Mac?” Kate said, recalled from some rather far-off meditations of her own. However, he recovered his self-possession in time.

“Nothing ails anybody,” he replied stiffly. “I was

only wondering why they can't find something better to do than to stand there gaping at everybody who passes along the road, which is no concern of theirs."

"Ah, the creatures!" said Kate.

What had really surprised the boy was the thought of the great size of the beasts to whom the prying eyes belonged.

"They must be very, very tall," thought Mac, "for how otherwise could they look over that immense wall, as high nearly as the house?" Mac had never heard of the giant Og, and he knew naught of big storks wading with long, long legs; which was doubtless well for his peace of mind. Even as it was, he stood gravely aghast. Towards all animals his sentiments had hitherto been most friendly and fearless; but could it be possible that the horses and cattle had stalking among them creatures so large and unsightly?

The fact could not be doubted. When he passed that way, he usually saw the row of heads ranged far above his own, some with horns and more with only twitching ears.

Mac wondered whether it was their legs or their necks, or both, that were stretched out to such a great length. He felt that in any case they must be hideous to behold, and he shuddered at the notion of what shapes that high stone wall must screen. Once, indeed, he fancied that he caught a glimpse of something like the head of what ought to have been a very little girl appearing over the edge in a flappy white sunbonnet; but the figure which this compelled him to imagine was so monstrous that he hastily

turned his eyes away and tried to persuade himself that they had deceived him.

Of course, he mentioned the matter to nobody. Self-respecting children never do confide their haunting terrors to older people who may laugh at them. No chance of gaining protection and deliverance from the torment of fear can justify one in running the risk of appearing ignorantly ridiculous to those who seem to know all about everything.

Once Mac asked a question, hoping to learn something about the large animals. He remarked to Tim Brennan, the coachman, as they were driving over Clonmanavon Bridge — he had only just forgiven Tim's offer to let him hold the *end* of the reins — "I suppose, now, you never see cows walking about here who are so tall they couldn't fit under that arch?"

Unluckily, Tim took the question as a sort of challenge, and replied: "Well, sir, I wouldn't say that the most we keep hereabouts couldn't make a shift to get through it middling easy. Not but I've seen an odd one now and then that might be very apt to stick half way, unless they were after taking a bit off the horns of her — ay, she would so. We've plenty of powerful cattle in Clonmanavon."

This answer gave cold comfort to Mac, who had hoped to be told that enormously large quadrupeds were rare in the neighborhood, or, at least, were exclusively confined to the one place which he called in his own mind, "The Field of the Frightful Beasts." Now, how was he to know but that frightful beasts were on every street. So great was

his fear of meeting such animals that even Kate Heron noticed the difference in him, and also, that for some reason he would not walk down Madden's Lane — the road by the stone wall.

One day Mac heard Kate and Lizzie Egan, a neighbor's maid, talking about him. Kate remarked that he did not want to go down that road. She said: "Pitchforks wouldn't get him along that road. Nothing will suit him but streeling up the lanes at the back of the house."

"He's frightened of Molloy's big dog — the one below at the Bridge, that comes out barking and bouncing around. That's his trouble, you may be sure," said Lizzie.

Mac, who had overheard them, was indignant. Afraid of a barking dog! Indeed, he'd let them see he was not afraid of dogs. But how could he show them he had no fear of Molloy's dog without going by the "Field of the Frightful Beasts"?

Next morning Mac made an important announcement on the door-steps. "Gaby's to choose where we are to walk to-day," he said. "You see, Kate, it's only a quarter as much our walk as his, because he goes it on four legs and each of us on only two. We'll just watch which way he'll turn."

When the three reached the gate, Mac suddenly picked up a pebble and flung it as far as he could towards Crumloughlin, the direction opposite to Madden's Lane. Of course, Gaby needed no bidding to be off after the pebble. Mac said: "There, you see he wants to go this way," and

set forward with the air of one acting from a strong sense of duty.

Kate had noticed what took Gaby on that road, and mentioned the pebble; but Mac said: "I promised poor Gaby we'd go wherever he liked, so I wouldn't disappoint him now on any account."

But the next morning Mac decided to go walking without Kate Heron. Before she had finished her sweeping, he and Gaby went quietly out of the house together. Soon a fawn-colored, sharp-nosed collie led Gaby round a corner and into an open field. Mac had to follow in order to rescue Gaby.

It was a place in which he had never been before, and his route thence seemed by no means clear to him. After walking around after Gaby and watching him trying to catch a rabbit, he talked a while with a young man who was loitering in the field.

When he thought it time to go home, Gaby was missing, and in searching for the dog Mac made another discovery. Close by, a little knot of beasts were standing with their heads over the wall! There were two or three cows, and a sorrel pony, with a white streak on his face. All seemed unpleasantly familiar to him. Where had he seen the pony before? Why, looking over a wall just like this one. But was that not the wall of the "Field of the Frightful Beasts"? Could it be possible that he was actually inside it?

"And I declare to goodness," Mac said to himself, "we used to be passing that stone with the steps — and

there's the old white horse looking over, too. They aren't frightful; they're only standing on a high bank."

Gāp'ing: to gaze wonderingly. Quadruped (kwōd'ru pēd): an animal having four feet. Strēol'ing: walking slowly and carelessly. Sūp'plē ment: to add to something. Thāteh: a roof made of straw or reeds.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a sluicer—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed — of finding itself under water, rather than above it.

When the water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate the whole country. Even the little children are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father

gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy now stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, and, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song.

The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shouts of the village, coming from his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, were any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not as distinctly as by day.

The child thought of his father, of his order, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices and he carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing.

With the quick perception which every child in Holland has regarding the water, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country.

To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and put his finger into it, was the work of a moment; and, to his delight, he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flow of the water. This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device; but the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted — he called loudly — no one answered.

He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping soundly, but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors — nay, the whole village.

We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during

that long and terrible night; but certain it is that at day-break he was found, in a most painful position, by a clergyman returning from an attendance at a death bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dyke, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who during that whole night had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of history, too often blind to true glory, has handed down to posterity the name of many a warrior and of the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men, but she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

Haarlem (här'lēm). Sluice (slūs): a passage for water. Sluicer (slūs'ēr): one who cares for the gates or valves of a sluice. Ravine (rà ven') a deep and narrow hollow of land.

SEPTEMBER

Summer's a step behind us,
 Autumn's a thought before;
 And each new day that we meet on the way
 Is an angel at the door.



BROTHER AND SISTER

Delacroix

THE COURAGEOUS BOY.

In England, one day, a farmer at work in his fields saw a party of huntsmen riding over his farm. He had a field in which the wheat was just coming up, and he was anxious that the gentlemen should not go into that, as the trampling of the horses and dogs would spoil the crop.

He sent one of his farm hands, a bright young boy, to shut the gate of that field and to keep guard over it. He told him that he must on no account permit the gate to be opened.

Scarcely had the boy reached the field and closed the gate when the huntsmen came galloping up and ordered him to open it. This the boy declined to do.

"Master," said he, "has ordered me to permit no one to pass through this gate, and I can neither open it myself nor allow any one else to do so."

First one gentleman threatened to whip him if he did not open it; then another offered him a sovereign; but all to no effect. The brave boy was neither to be frightened nor bribed.

Then a grand and stately gentleman came forward and said: "My boy, do you not know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate that I and my friends may pass."

The boy took off his hat to the great man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish

me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor permit any one to pass without my master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly pleased at the boy's answer, and, lifting his own hat, said: .

"I honor the man or the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the French, but the whole world."

As the party galloped away, the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah for the Duke of Wellington!"

Courageous (kūr a'jūs): bold, daring, not afraid. Pēr mīt': to consent to, to allow to be done.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches his sheep;

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The large stars are the sheep;

The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

— "Lullaby" from the German.

A BOY'S SONG.

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES HOGG (1772-1835) was born in Selkirkshire, Scotland, and died at Altrive. He was known as the "Ettrick Shepherd Poet," as he lived in the district known as the forest of Ettrick, and his first occupation was that of shepherd. Next to Burns, Hogg is considered the greatest peasant-poet of Scotland.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies fast asleep,
Up the river, and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the nazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,

Or love to banter and fight so well;
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know; I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

A KIND WORD.

HENRY COYLE.

HENRY COYLE (1870-), an American writer of prose and poetry and editor. This elevating and beautiful poem is from one of his books, called "The Promise of Morning."

A block of marble, white and bare,
Without a line of beauty there,
Or symmetry — uncut and rude —
It loomed, ghost-like, in solitude.

A sculptor came of genius grand,
And hued it with a cunning hand;
Lo! from the block an angel came,
Which brought the sculptor name and fame.

A strip of canvas, black and gray,
Unnoticed on an easel lay;
An artist came with brush and paint,
And pictured there a pious saint.

Down in a cavern, deep and dark,
 There shone a brilliant little spark;
 The miners digging, found it, now
 It gleams upon a monarch's brow.

A weary heart was in despair,
 Weighed down with sorrow, sin and care;
 A kind word fell, as soft and light
 As apple blossom, pure and white.

Within the stone, an angel lay,
 The picture was but canvas gray,
 The jewel sparkled far below,
 And these the world would never know

But for the sculptor's cunning skill,
 The artist's and the miner's will.
 And one kind word has power to win
 A wicked heart from pain and sin.

Ah! greater far than sculptor's art,
 Or picture rare in Europe's mart,
 Or diamond in the deepest mine,
 Is one kind word — it is divine.

Canvas (kăn'vas) : a strong cloth, linen or cotton. Märt : a market.
 Sculptor (skŭlp'tēr) : one who carves statues and other works of art.

Aim at the highest. — *Milton*.

REVIEW.

Who is Jane Barlow?

Name five of the characters which appear in "The Field of the Frightful Beasts."

What caused the little boy to name the place beyond the high stone wall "The Field of the Frightful Beasts"?

Tell something about Mrs. Kavanagh.

How did MacBarry find out his mistake about the "Field"?

What did the young boy do to merit being called "The Little Hero of Haarlem"?

What would you have done if you had discovered the "hole in the wood"?

What is a sluice?

In what country did this incident occur?

What is a dyke?

What is meant by "The Muse of History"?

Who was the Duke of Wellington?

What did the boy do that pleased the Duke of Wellington?

Do you like "A Boy's Song" by James Hogg?

What part do you like best?

What is the meaning of the word *lea*?

Where does Henry Coyle live?

Commit to memory the poem, "A Kind Word."

What lessons does this poem teach us?

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

JEAN INGELOW.

JEAN INGELOW (1820-1897) was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, England; died at Kensington. Her prose and poetry gave her a high place among the English writers. She is a favorite with young and old.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach. It comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney tops behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest-fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of their milky nuts.

Then he sees a great wagon piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it. Then they go through a little wood, and he likes to watch the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the white road; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The passengers go on talking — the little midshipman has told them who he is and where he is going. But there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark looking and restless; he sits apart; he has heard the rattling of coin in the boy's pocket, and now he watches him more closely than ever.

The lad has told the other passengers that his father's home is the parsonage at Y——; the coach goes within five

miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run, over to his home, through the great wood.

When they arrive at the place where the boy leaves the coach, the man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood. He will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, has no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

It was too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood; but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear — he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he starts up a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment and it will be his. Now he gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted.

He knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the path he has left. It is only to run a little faster, and he will be at home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight, when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right; the man takes the left; and the faster they both run, the farther they are asunder.

The boy does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. O little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might have out-run him; or, if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight to your death; for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. Oh! that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet, as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles and falls. A second more and he will roll into the black water!

"Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn-bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I shouldn't have cared for rolling down, if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again.

There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!"

With a great deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which arrested his progress when his feet were within a yard of the water. He manages to scramble up the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water; and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snowdrift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes; it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will soon pass the cottage in the wood, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but, as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty and so hot that he thinks that he must ask the occupants if they can give him a glass of water. He enters without ceremony.

"Water?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper, "yes; we can give thee a glass of water, or perhaps my wife will give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he goes in and shuts the door; and while he is waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pur-

suer, who goes on angry and impatient that he has not yet come upon him.

The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is gone a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Faster and faster the man runs, and, as fast as he can, the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is plowing up a furrowed mass of gray cloud, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with a stake in his hand for a weapon. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop — not before, but behind him. He stops, and listens breathlessly. Yes; it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake to strike when the boy shall pass.

On comes the boy, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a little gig.

“Halloo!” he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. “What! benighted youngster?”

“Oh! is it you, Mr. D——?” says the boy. “No, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the wood.”

The man draws farther back among the shrubs. “Why, bless the boy,” he hears the farmer say, “to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes

of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in at this time o' night."

"Lone!" says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and, if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter-deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of his pursuer.

But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and, in that quarter of a mile, there is still the chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea-serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated — the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every turn.

Now the little midshipman is at home — the joyful meeting has taken place; and, when they have all admired his growth, and measured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him

about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk, than from any curiosity.

“Adventures!” says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa. “Why, mother, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there’s nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day — at least, nothing particular.”

“Nothing particular!” If they could have known, they would have thought lightly, in comparison, of the dangers of the “jib-boom end, and the main top-mast cross-trees.” But they did not know, any more than we know, the dangers that hourly beset us.

We are aware of some few dangers, and we do what we can to provide against them; but, for the greater portion, “Our eyes are held that we cannot see.” We walk securely under His guidance, without whom “Not a sparrow falleth to the ground”; and, when we have had escapes, at which the angels have wondered, we come home and say, perhaps, that “Nothing has happened — at least, nothing particular.”

Ad vën'türe: that which happens by chance. Bäf'fle: to defeat. Be-nīght': to be overtaken by night. Cãn'ō pỹ: a covering. Frūs'trate: to defeat, to baffle. Mīd'shīp mæn: an officer of low grade in the navy. Quarter-deck (kwär'tēr-dēk): a part of the upper deck.

The world is not so bad a world
 As some would like to make it;
 Though whether good or whether bad
 Depends on how you take it.



SAND DUNES ON LAKE ONTARIO

Homer D. Martin

A RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY was born at Boston, Massachusetts. She has contributed to magazines, and has published several volumes of stories for the young, and some excellent historical novels.

"Now for a long run, Ben," said Engineer Hoey to his fireman. "Pile on more coal there." As he spoke he opened the throttle of the engine, and the panting locomotive leaped forward with renewed speed. Train Number 10, the Western Day Express, had just left D—— station; upon the schedule it was marked for no other stop within fifty miles.

John Hoey and his fireman, Ben Hallet, were two of the most reliable men in the service of the company. They were firm friends and, notwithstanding their reputation for caution and steadiness, had been through dangers together, and could look back upon a number of hairbreadth escapes. Perhaps the most singular of their adventures was that which befell them upon this particular trip.

It was a lovely morning in the spring; the sun shone, the sky was a deep blue and without a cloud. The train sped on. Soon the town was left behind; and now the route lay amid green pastures abloom with buttercups and daisies, past woods lovely in their new foliage, and orchards redolent with blossoms.

The two men gave little heed to the beauty of the ever-changing scene, however; for one tended his fire, while the other, with his head out of the window of the cab,

kept his eyes riveted upon the track — that apparently endless double ribbon of steel gleaming in the sunlight, which was ever slipping away, yet ever uncoiled itself anew before him like a glittering serpent. Conversation was difficult, and carried on in snatches; then neither of the men spoke for some time. Suddenly, just after the train had wound around a curve, a cry of horror broke from the engineer; and, turning to his fireman, he exclaimed:

“Ben, what is that?”

His companion looked out. Upon the track, a short distance in front of them, was a little object, flitting along as if it had the world to itself, and there were no such things as snorting and ruthless iron monsters to invade its paradise.

“Quick, man! — for God’s sake!” cried Ben. “It is a child!”

No need of the warning. Hoey had already done everything he could to stop the train. But they had been tearing along with such rapidity, and the engine had such a head of steam on, that his efforts only served to slightly decrease the speed. Now they could plainly distinguish the child; a little girl, scarcely more than a baby; bare-headed, with sunny hair, and wearing a blue-checked apron, which fluttered in the breeze. Unconscious of peril, she danced along, waving her tiny hands in glee, just for the very joy and gladness of living. And here was Death coming swiftly, nearer and nearer! Each ripple of laughter, each note of the song she seemed to be singing to herself, might be her last; and yet, unconscious, she laughed and sang.

Hoey worked desperately at the lever, and gave the signal for "down brakes," but, alas! there was hardly time. Engineers often tell of instances where the engine, senseless and soulless mass of machinery as it is, becomes uncontrollable, like a living creature intent upon a diabolical purpose of its own. In this instance, do what he would, it kept on its relentless course — a fiery dragon that would not be deprived of its prey.

For an older person there might be some hope: he might look back or hear the noise of the train at the last moment; but the child frolicked on in merry abandon. The engineer turned despairingly to his comrade. In an instant Ben had leaped from the cab, fallen, recovered himself, and sped like a deer on beside the train. A race with a locomotive? A vain contest, it would seem; yet the fleet fellow kept up, lost a pace, regained it, was now actually ahead. He sprang in front of the engine — alas, too late!

O God!" groaned the engineer, more in petition than fear. He drew back and shut his eyes, lest he should see not only the life of the beautiful little child crushed out, but also that of his friend — noble, heroic Ben. In his heart he already felt the dreadful shock which he knew would in reality be scarcely perceptible; hardly more than the resistance of the flowers and sturdy grass of the fields before the scythe. It did not come! How could it be possible? Instead, he heard a cheer! Again he thrust his head out of the window. Could he believe his sight? There was Ben alive and unscathed! — Ben, with the child

in his arms! At last the engine came to a stop about a hundred yards farther along.

A woman was seen rushing from the direction of a house near the railroad. Half crazed, she had seen the danger of her little one, while powerless to avert it. Then she beheld the brave man's effort to snatch the child from the very jaws of death, if need be, to purchase its life with his own. At the supreme moment she was stricken with a sudden blindness; she reeled, and would have lost consciousness but for that quick shout of joy.

What! Saved? Marvelous! Could she credit the assurance of that call? Or was it a delusion — a knell in her ears, which took on a glad ring to mock her? The blessed doubt gave her renewed strength, however. She almost flew to the spot. The Lord be praised! It was true. The child, who had clung to Ben, half dazed with fright, now began to cry piteously. The mother caught it in a frantic embrace, murmuring a few broken words of fervent gratitude to its brave deliverer, and then sank swooning to the ground.

Several laborers in a field beyond, who had also witnessed the intrepid rescue, hastened to the scene. Car windows were raised, and nervous passengers inquired why the train had come to a standstill. When the reason for the commotion became known, what a thrill of feeling it caused! What a cheer went up for the brave fireman! Many were eager to make a handsome purse for him then and there. But Ben said:

"No, thank you, sirs! A hundred thousand dollars

wouldn't have paid me for throwing my life away, or that mother for the loss of her baby. But my own life and the child's have been, as I might say, given back, thank God! And that's the only reward I want."

With these words Ben turned away, drew his gingham shirt sleeve across his grimy brow, and sprang to his place upon the engine. The engineer sounded the whistle, the passengers scrambled into the cars again, and the train sped on.

De lū'sion (shūn): a misleading of the mind. Hāir'brēadth: a narrow escape. Īn trēp'id: fearless. Rēd'ō lent: sweet smelling, fragrant. Rē sist'ance (āns): opposition. Rīv'ēt ěd: to look closely at one thing. Schēd'ūle: a list of directions. Ūn scāthed (skāthd): not hurt.

THE THREE HEAVY STONES.

It was on the border of the desert, amid barren and almost inaccessible rocks, that Ben Achmet, the Dervise, led a life of austerity and devotion. His dwelling was a cave in one of the large rocks. Roots and fruits, the scanty products of the sterile region he inhabited, satisfied his hunger; and the fountain that bubbled up from the lower part of a neighboring cliff, slaked his thirst.

He had formerly been a Mohammedan priest, and had served in a magnificent mosque. He became disgusted with the hypocrisy and injustice of the world, and finally abandoned the mosque and his luxurious home, and chose, instead, a life of self-denial and devotion.

Years rolled over the head of Ben Achmet and the fame of his sanctity spread abroad. He often supplied the traveler of the desert with water from his little well. In times of pestilence he left his solitary abode to attend to the sick and to comfort the dying in villages that were scattered around in the bleak country bordering on the desert. The wounded Arab went to him as to a father, knowing that his wounds would be dressed with healing herbs. The name of Ben Achmet was honored, and the plundering Bedouin gave up his booty when the holy man commanded him to.

Akaba, an Arabian robber, was the leader of a band of lawless men who were obedient to their chief. He had a large treasure-house stored with ill-gotten wealth and a large number of prisoners. The fame of Ben Achmet's sanctity was whispered to the robber chief. His own guilty conscience smote him, and he longed to become as famed for his devotion as he had been for his crimes.

He sought the abode of the Dervise and told him his desires. "Ben Achmet," said he, "I have five hundred cimeters ready to obey me, numbers of slaves at my command, and a goodly treasure-house filled with riches; tell me how to add to these the hope of a happy immortality."

Ben Achmet led him to a neighboring cliff that was steep, rugged, and high, and pointing to three large stones that lay near together, he told him to lift them from the ground, and to follow him up the cliff. Akaba, laden with stones, could scarcely move; to ascend the cliff with them was impossible.

"I cannot follow thee, Ben Achmet," said he, "with these burdens."

"Cast down one of the stones," said the Dervise, "and hasten after me." Akaba dropped one of the stones, but still found himself too heavily encumbered to proceed.

"I tell thee it is impossible," cried the robber chieftain. "Thou thyself couldst not proceed a step with such a load."

"Let go another stone," said Ben Achmet. Akaba readily dropped another stone, and still with difficulty clambered up the cliff until he could come no farther. Ben Achmet directed him to drop the last one, and no sooner had he done this than he mounted with ease, and soon stood at the summit of the cliff.

"Son," said Ben Achmet, "thou hast three burdens which hinder thee in thy way to a better world. Disband thy troop of lawless p'underers, set thy prisoners at liberty, and restore thy ill-gotten wealth to its owners. It is easier for Akaba to ascend the cliff with the stones he has dropped, than for him to journey onward to a better world with power, pleasure, and riches in his possession."

— *Adapted from an Old Story.*

Ä kã'ba. Ä rä'bi an. Bën Äch'met (äk). Austerity (as tẽĩ tỹ) : strictness. Der'vise : a Turkish name for a man who leads an austere life. Hỹ pöc' rĩ sỹ : falseness, pretending to be what one is not. Mosque (mosk) : a Mohammedan church. Pës'ti lence (lns) : a disease called the plague. Stër'ile : not fertile.

Knowledge is power. — *Bacon.*

TURNING THE GRIND-STONE.

When I was a little boy, I remember that one cold morning in winter I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

His words of flattery made me happy, and I was glad to do anything he wanted. I told him that the grindstone was in the shop. Patting me on the head, he said:

"My man, will you get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought it.

"How old are you? and what is your name?" he next asked me. Without waiting for me to tell him, he then said, "You are a fine little man, the finest boy that I have ever seen. Will you just turn the grindstone a few minutes for me?"

All these kind words made me so very happy that I went to work with a will, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired out. The school bell rang and I could not get away. Soon my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. However, by and by the axe was sharpened. Then the man told me to be off to school.

"You are a truant," he said; "the teacher will be after you." These words made me sad. It was hard to turn the grindstone, but to be called a truant was too much.

His words sank deep in my mind. I have thought of them many times. I now never hear a man flattering any one, but that I think of turning the grindstone. I know that man "has an axe to grind." Look out for flattery. There are many men who will want you to turn the grindstone.

— *Adapted from the Writings of Benjamin Franklin.*

THE RIVER.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

CAROLINE ANN BOWLES SOUTHEY (1786-1854), an English author, was born at Lymington, Hants, England.

River! River! little River!
 Bright you sparkle on your way;
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage glancing
 Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth —
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping
 Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
 Broad and deep and still as Time,

Seeming still — yet still in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean
 Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
 Swifter now you slip away;
 Swift and silent as an arrow
 Through a channel dark and narrow
 Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
 Down you dash into the sea;
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,
 Sea, that voyage never bounded
 Like eternity.

THE BROOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges;
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

— *From "Maud"*

Bick'ér: to move quickly with a pattering noise. Frét: to wear away by friction. Sål'y: to rush or dash out. Shin'gly: bed of loose gravel.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

MARY HOWITT.

MARY BOTHAM HOWITT (1798-1888), an English writer, who wrote for children, and many prose and poetical articles relating to nature. The tales of Frederika Bremer, and the "Improvisator" of Hans Christian Andersen, were translated into English by Mrs. Howitt.

God might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough,
 For every want of ours,

For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night —

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him.

The drying of a single tear has more of honest fame
than shedding seas of gore.—*Byron*.



IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Alexander H. Wyant

A LULLABY SONG.

B. E. B.

Hush-a-by baby in bylow-land,
Dear little fingers in mother's hand,
Clinging as if fearing to go to-day
Into the dream-land far away;
But mother holds thee close to her breast;
Hush-a-by baby and go to rest.

Hush-a-by baby and close thine eyes,
God sent the blue from out of the skies;
The dimple sweet in thy tiny chin,
An angel from Heaven put that in;
And the fluffy, fluttering, golden hair
Round mother's heart hath made a snare.

Hush-a-by baby, more precious than gold
And all the riches the world can hold
Are thine eyes, thy dimple, thy golden hair,
Thy rosy cheeks and thy forehead fair;
For a mother's heart and a mother's love
Think thou wert sent from Heaven above.

She cuddles thee close, close to her breast,
And softly, sweetly thou'lt go to rest.
When in the future to manhood grown,
Thou'lt think of the moments forever flown,

Thou'lt wish in vain for the quiet rest
In mother's arms, on mother's breast.

At the twilight hour will memory bring
To thy listening ears the songs I sing
As I sit to-night with my boy, my pride,
And rock thee to sleep at eventide;
Again thou'lt live in the bylow-land
As thy fingers rest in mother's hand.

And the world's sad cares will fade away
When the shadows fall at close of day;
For again thy head is on mother's arm,
And her baby boy is safe from harm,
And she'll croon and sing the twilight long
A lullaby, hush-a-by, lullaby song.



REVIEW.

Have you ever played the game, "Throwing Light"?

We will each one describe some character and the others will name the person described. We will not try to give too much light at first.

To-day we will select our characters from the articles beginning with the "Little Midshipman" and ending with the "Use of Flowers." Authors may be included in the characters. To begin:

"The character of whom I am thinking is a well dressed person, with dark hair and keen eyes, and is very observing. His face has something about it which is unpleasant; he looks at people only when they are not looking at him, his eyes turn away from you when you speak to him; he listens to all that is said by those around, but he does not wish it known he is listening.

"He loves money — indeed he loves money better than work. He is cruel —"

Perhaps long before we have reached this point, the class have called out — "You mean the man who tried to rob the boy as told in the "Little Midshipman." Yes, the would-be robber is the man meant, and all that was said about him may be gleaned from the story except that he had dark hair and eyes.

Other characters that may be used are the little midshipman himself, the farmer who carried the boy to his father's door, the author, Jean Ingelow, and the people who gave the boy a drink.

“A Race with a Locomotive” is full of characters that will tax your powers of description. Study “The Three Heavy Stones” and “Turning the Grindstone,” for characters.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Phryxus, son of the king of Thebes, received from his mother a ram of golden color, or, according to fable, a ram with a fleece of pure gold. Some years later he and his sister Helle, to escape from a cruel step-mother, decided to run away. They seated themselves on the back of the ram with the golden fleece and flew away over the country of mountains, valleys, and plains; but when crossing an arm of the sea, Helle lost her balance and fell into the water. She was drowned, and that part of the sea has ever since been known as Hellespont, or the “Sea of Helle.”

Phryxus arrived in safety at Colchis, where he sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, who placed it among the signs of the Zodiac. The fleece was hung up in a grove sacred to one of the gods, where it was guarded by bulls who breathed flames of fire from their nostrils, and, also, by a sleepless dragon.

Jason, by right, was king of Thessaly, but his uncle Pelias had usurped the throne and wished to continue in the government. So when Jason asked his uncle to let him take his own place on the throne, the uncle persuaded him to undertake an expedition for the recovery of the Golden

Fleece, saying that when Jason returned with it he would give him his throne.

Being an adventurous as well as a brave young man, Jason agreed to the plan of his uncle. He first had built a large ship with fifty long oars. This ship was called the *Argo*, after the builder, Argos. Jason then sent word throughout Greece of his plan, and soon he had forty-nine brave men to go on the quest with him. The crew that manned the *Argo* were called the Argonauts.

They set out on their journey, and for many days, propelling the *Argo* by oars, and using the sails to catch the wind, they traveled east and north. After passing through the Hellespont they came to another strait. There they found their path blocked by two great rocks that clashed together with the waves and ground to pieces the ships that tried to pass between them.

After waiting for many days, trying to devise a means to get the ship through in safety, and seemingly with no result, a wise man of the vicinity told the Argonauts to watch for the flight of a dove about to go between the rocks. This they did. The dove passed through with only the loss of its tail feathers, so they determined to venture.

They waited until the wind was very strong, in order to fill the sails, and then all the men worked hard and faithfully at the oars. Between the crashing rocks the *Argo* slipped, with the loss of only a few ornaments from her stern. After passing this danger, the Argonauts were soon in the land of the Golden Fleece.

Jason went at once to the king and told him of his

perilous voyage with his band of heroes. Then he asked him for the fleece.

The king was a crafty man, and while he had no idea of giving the Golden Fleece to anyone, he told Jason he might have it, if he would accomplish two tasks which the king would assign him.

These Jason agreed to do; but when he learned what the tasks were, his heart sank within him, for indeed, they were very difficult.

When Jason was nearly discouraged, Medea, the king's daughter, came to his aid, and by the help of her enchantments he was able to perform both tasks.

To harness two mighty bulls, whose hoofs were of solid brass, and whose breath was of scorching fire, and with this team plow a field that had never been tilled, was one of the tasks. Medea gave him a magic ointment to rub over his body. This protected him from the fiery breath and gave him great strength for one day. She also instructed him to anoint his sword and shield with the same ointment or salve. The next morning Jason used the magic salve as directed, and then entered the field of Ares, looking as noble and majestic as the god of war himself. The mighty bulls with fiery breath were easily subdued by Jason, and the first task was safely accomplished.

A still more difficult undertaking was before him. He must sow in the furrows he had made with his plow, the teeth of a dragon, and kill the armed men who would spring up out of the ground. This Jason could not do alone, so he again obtained Medea's assistance.

Medea said to Jason: "When the armed men spring up, throw a stone among them, and they will at once fall to fighting each other." Jason obeyed; and the warriors, instead of attacking him, fought among themselves until they were all dead. Thus was the "Field of Ares" plowed and the crop gathered.

The king discovered by what means Jason had accomplished the tasks, and he was very angry with both him and Medea, and refused to give up the Golden Fleece. After all, Jason would have failed had not Medea aided him once more.

At night they went to the grove of Mars, where the Fleece was kept, ever guarded by the dragon. But Medea put the dragon to sleep, and then Jason took the Fleece and together they hastened away to the *Argo*. The ship was ready for sea, and Jason immediately set sail, taking Medea with him.

The journey home was most exciting, for Æetes, the father of Medea, sent after them men and ships to bring them back. Medea knew her father's anger and dreaded to return to his kingdom.

The *Argo* had escaped many dangers, and Jason and Medea began to think themselves safe, when they came in sight of a most perilous looking passage. On one side was the black, seething, foaming whirlpool of Charybdis, and on the other the mighty rock from which the monster Scylla swooped down upon the unfortunate mariners.

A kind goddess sent to them a guide, who conducted the *Argo* safely through the dangerous strait.

One morning as the sea seemed a mass of golden liquid, colored by the rays of the rising sun, the *Argo* entered the port of Iolcus. Jason and Medea went up to the palace of Pelias, taking with them the Golden Fleece.

The king had no idea that Jason would ever come back from the quest; and now when he had returned and brought the Golden Fleece with him, Pelias was not ready to keep the bargain he himself had proposed.

Jason and Medea were determined, however, to have the kingdom, and, as usual, Medea found a way. She again resorted to her power of enchantment, and at last Jason entered his kingdom, and reigned in Iolcus, and Medea became queen.

After all their cunning they did not reign long nor happily. Perhaps they had been too crafty to be happy in the end.

NOTE. — The voyage of the *Argo* is emblematic of the first long sea voyage undertaken by the Greeks for commercial purposes. The Golden Fleece brought back by Jason is a symbol of the untold riches the Greeks found in the East, and brought back to their own land.

Æetes (ē ē'tēz). Ares (ā'rēz). *Argo* (är'gō). Argonauts (är'gō-nāts). Charybdis (kā rib'dis). Colchis (kōl'kis). Helle (hēl'lē). Iolcus (ī ōl'kūs). Jā'son. Jū'pī tēr. Mē dē'a. Pelias (pē'lē ās). Phryxus (frix'ūs). Scylla (sīl'la). Thebes (thēbs). Thes'sā lŷ.

Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellows to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient. — *Sir Edwin Arnold*.

GRACE DARLING.

The Forfarshire steamer left Hull on the evening of Wednesday, September 5, 1838, having on board a valuable cargo and forty-one persons. The captain's wife accompanied him on the voyage.

The vessel had not proceeded far when a leak was discovered in the boiler. This rendered it necessary to extinguish two of the fires; but they were relighted when the boiler had been partially repaired. The steamer continued her course until the following evening; and she had proceeded as far as Berwick Bay when the leak again appeared. The opening had now become so large that the utmost difficulty was experienced in keeping the boilers filled — the water escaping almost as fast as it was pumped in. The wind was blowing strong and the sea running high; and the leak increased so much, from the motion of the vessel, that the fires were extinguished, and the engines became entirely useless.

It was now about ten o'clock at night, and they were off Sant Abb's Head, a bold promontory on the coast of Scotland. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel put about, in order to get her before the wind and keep her off the land.

Soon she became unmanageable; and, the tide setting strong to the south, she drifted in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time; and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel.

At length breakers were discovered close to leeward,

and the Ferne Lights, which then became visible, revealed their imminent peril. An attempt was made to run her between one of the Ferne Islands, but to no purpose; and, at three o'clock on Friday morning, she struck with tremendous force against the outer, or Long-Stone Island.

At the moment the vessel struck, most of the passengers were below, and many of them asleep in their berths. One, alarmed by the shock, started up and rushed upon deck. When he reached it, he found everything in confusion; and, seeing part of the crew hoisting out a boat, he sprang into it.

The raging of the sea instantly separated it from the vessel; and, though several other passengers attempted to reach it, they were unsuccessful and perished in the attempt. The boat itself escaped, by being providentially guided through an outlet of which the crew were not aware; and, after being exposed to storm all night, it was picked up by a sloop and carried into Shields.

In less than five minutes after the vessel struck, a second shock separated her into two parts. The stern, quarter-deck, and the cabin were instantly borne away through a narrow passage in the rocks, in which the water runs with considerable violence even in temperate weather; but when the weather is tempestuous, it rushes with a force truly terrific.

The fore part of the vessel, in the mean time, remained fast to the rock. The few passengers who remained, still clung to the rigging, though every instant expecting to share the fate of their unfortunate companions, whom they had seen swept away by the raging element.

In this dreadful situation their cries attracted the notice of Grace Darling, the daughter of the keeper of the Ferne Lighthouse. With noble heroism she immediately determined to attempt their rescue, in spite of the raging of the storm and the almost certain destruction which threatened to attend it.

She hastily aroused her father, who launched his boat at daybreak and, with a generous sympathy worthy of the father of Grace Darling, prepared to proceed to their rescue. The gale in the meantime continued unabated, and the boiling of the waves threatened speedy destruction to their frail boat.

It was therefore with the most fearful forebodings that he undertook the perilous enterprise. After watching the wreck for some time, they discovered living beings still clinging to it, and the gallant young woman seized an oar and entered the boat.

This was enough. Her father followed, and with the assistance of his daughter conducted the skiff over the foaming billows to the spot where the wreck appeared. By a dangerous and desperate effort, the father was landed on the rock; and, to prevent the boat from being dashed to pieces, it was rowed back a short distance, and kept afloat by the skillfulness and dexterity of the intelligent and brave young woman.

At length the whole of the survivors, consisting of five of the crew and four of the passengers, were taken from the wreck and conveyed to the lighthouse, where Grace administered to their wants, and, for three days and three

nights, anxiously waited on the sufferers and soothed their afflictions.

The perilous achievement, unexampled in the feats of female courage, was witnessed by the survivors in silent wonder.

The weather continued so tempestuous that the mainland could not be reached for three days. The nine persons, saved by the daring heroism of the Darlings, were landed in safety; thus making the entire number saved from the wreck eighteen.

Those who found refuge on the rock on which the vessel struck suffered severely during the night from the cold and heavy seas, which at intervals washed over them. The woman who escaped sat, with her two children firmly grasped in each hand, long after the buffetings of the waves had deprived them of life. The captain and his wife were washed from the wreck, clasped in each other's arms, and both were drowned.

This noble act of heroism, which has few parallels, has not been without its reward. Besides the great satisfaction of saving nine fellow-creatures from certain destruction, the fame of the heroic deed has spread far and wide, and its praise has been on every tongue.

Artists of no mean talent have portrayed the scene, and its memory will be thus preserved. Valuable presents have been bestowed upon the brave and generous actors; and much has been done to manifest the public sympathy and approbation of the daring and disinterested deed.

Forfarshire (fôr'far shēr).

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one — a poor pine box. No flowers on its top, no lining of white satin for the pale brow, no ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was combed decently back, but there was no crimped cap with its tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep. She had found bread and rest and health and home.

"I want to see my dear mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot — get out of the way, boy. Why does nobody take the child?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box; and as he gazed up into the man's rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down his cheeks. Oh, it was pitiful to hear him cry: "Only once; let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the child stood white with grief and rage, his blue eyes distended, his lips apart; a fire glittering through his tears, as he hissed out: "Some time I will pay you for this!"

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The court-room was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was silence, until with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty

reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread, to plead for the friendless man at the bar of the court.

The lawyer was a stranger in the place, but from his first sentence there was silence in the room. The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted. "May God reward you, sir; I cannot," said the poor man to his eloquent defender.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness:

"I — I believe I have never seen you before. May I know who my deliverer is?"

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago, you struck a heart-broken boy and drove him away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned white with fear. "Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my heart for twenty years. Go, remember the tears of the friendless child, as you saw them long ago."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand as it was to him incomprehensible, and the noble lawyer felt a peace in his soul, the recompense of a grand deed.

Truth alone makes life rich and great. — *Emerson.*

"GOD BLESS OUR STARS FOREVER!"

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR (1819-1887) was born at Lowville, New York, and died at Cleveland, Ohio. He published several books. His best known poems are "The Old Village Choir," "The Isle of Long Ago," and "Rhymes of the River."

"God bless our stars forever!"

'Tis the burden of the song,
Where the sail throughout the midnight
Is flickering along;
When a ribbon of blue heaven
Is gleaming through the clouds,
With a star or two upon it,
For the sailor in the shrouds.

"God bless our stars forever!"

It is Liberty's refrain,
From the snows of wild Nevada
To the sounding woods of Maine;
Where the green Multnomah wanders,
Where the Alabama rests,
Where the thunder shakes his turban
Over Alleghany's crests.

Where the mountains of New England
Mock Atlantic's stormy main,
Where God's palm imprints the prairie
With the type of Heaven again —

Where the mirrored morn is dawning,
 Link to link, our lakes along,
 And Sacramento's Golden Gate
 Swings open to the song —

Here, there! "Our stars forever!"
 How it echoes! How it thrills!
 Blot that banner? Why, they bore it
 When no sunset bathed the hills.
 Over Bunker see it billow,
 At Bennington it waves,
 Ticonderoga sleeps beneath,
 And Saratoga's graves!

Oh! long ago at Lexington,
 And above those minute-men,
 The "Old Thirteen" were blazing bright —
 There were only thirteen then!
 God's own stars are gleaming through it —
 Stars not woven in its thread,
 Unfurl it, and that flag will shine
 With the heavens overhead.

Oh! it waved above the soldiers,
 On the pinions of the prayer;
 And it billowed o'er the battle,
 On the surges of the air;

And the stars have risen with it,
 Till the eagle waits the sun,
 And freedom from her mountain-watch
 Has counted "Thirty-one."*

When the weary years have halted,
 In the mighty march of Time,
 And no new ones throng the threshold
 Of its corridors sublime;
 When the clarion call, "Close up!"
 Rings along the line no more,
 Then adieu, thou blessed banner,
 Then adieu, and not before!

*How many stars now on the flag?

Clarion (klär'i ũn) : a kind of trumpet whose note is clear and shrill.
 Cõr'ri dõr : a long line or passageway. Minute-man (min'it) : a militia-
 man who is ready to march at a minute's notice. Rẽ frāin' : a phrase or
 verse which is repeated at the end of each stanza.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmanent do shine.

—Longfellow



ROMAN GIRL AT THE FOUNTAIN *Leon F. Bonnat*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

GEORGE POPE MORRIS (1802-1864) was born at Philadelphia, and died at New York. This poem has been and is yet a great favorite.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near this spot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties,
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played!

My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand —
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

För bear': to delay, to pause.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

JOHN G. SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816-1887) was born at Highgate, Vermont, and died at Albany, New York. He is best known by his humorous poetry.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
 Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came
 (So in the Talmud you may read the story),
 Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
 To see the splendors of his court, and bring
 Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her highness heard
 What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
 What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
 What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
 In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
 To know if rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued her most),
 How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
 How all the curious arts that women boast
 Were quite transparent to his piercing eye.
 And so the Queen had come — a royal guest —
 To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
 In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
 The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
 Was newly culled from nature's choicest bowers;
 The other, no less fair in every part,
 Was the rare product of divinest art.

'Which is the true, and which the false?' she said.
 Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
 Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
 While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
 As one who sees a miracle, and fain
 For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
 Pleased at the fond amazement of the king.

“So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
 Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing!”
 But still the sage was silent; it was plain
 A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
 Hard by the casement — so the story goes —
 A little band of busy, bustling bees,
 Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
 The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
 “Open the window!” — that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;
 Within the room the eager insects flew,
 And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
 And so the king and all the courtiers knew
 That wreath was nature's and the baffled Queen
 Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
 A fitting moral) that the wise may find
 In trifles light as atoms in the air,
 Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
 Some truth designed to profit or to please —
 As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

Shē'bā. Sōl'ō mōn. Tāl'mūd. Āt'om (ūm) : a very small particle of matter. Dēx'ter: the dexter hand is the right hand. Courtier (kōrt-yēr) : one in attendance on the king. Piqued (pēk) : annoyed, irritated.

REVIEW

Write the answers to the following:

Name all the characters mentioned in "The Quest of the Golden Fleece."

Name the places mentioned.

What was the name of Jason's ship?

By what name was the crew called?

Where have you read allusions to the Golden Fleece?

Where did Grace Darling live?

What heroic deed did she perform?

What was the nature of the "Noble Revenge"?

Tell something about Benjamin F. Taylor.

How many states were in the Union when this poem was written?

How many states now in the Union?

Who wrote "Woodman, Spare That Tree"?

The poem indicates that some one wishes to have a tree spared. Why?

Who wrote "King Solomon and the Bees"?

Where did the author live?

Tell the story told by the poem.

What is the meaning of "dexter hand"?

Who brought the flowers to Solomon?

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

THE GREEDY SHEPHERD.

FRANCES BROWNE,

Once upon a time two brothers lived in a cottage on the edge of a broad, fertile plain which was bordered on the one side by a forest and on the other by a range of grassy hills. Only shepherds lived on this plain, and not one of them had ever traveled beyond the hills or the edge of the forest. The homes of the shepherds were cozy-looking, although small, thatched cottages amid the tall grasses and the shrubbery, which in spring made spots of bloom and filled the air with fragrance.

The brothers had strange names: Clutch and Kind. They kept their sheep on the plain where the grass was green a great part of the year, and across which ran three little brooks whose waters sang the whole day long.

Clutch was a selfish, greedy fellow, but Kind was really kind and generous to both man and beast. When their father died, Clutch said to Kind:

"I am the elder brother, and I must have the larger share of our father's property. I will take the sheep and you may have the cottage. As I am wiser than you and know more about the world, I will take the cottage also, so you will not be burdened with cares. You may keep the hearth clean, cook our meals, watch the sheep, and have a good time without being troubled about selling and buying and carrying the money."

Kind was so generous and good-natured that he said

nothing, only worked away and let Clutch manage and claim all.

In the midsummer, when the days were warm and long the shepherds sheared the sheep. Traders from far-off cities came to the plain and bought all the wool that the shepherds could spare. One time two of the traders praised the wool of the sheep owned by Clutch, and gave him the highest price for it.

Now Clutch was greedy, and the more money he received the more money he wanted. He hoarded his money and found fault with Kind when he asked for a few coins to buy food.

Clutch always sheared the sheep, for he said he clipped closer and got off more wool than Kind. Often Kind tried to keep him from cutting so close, for he knew the poor sheep needed some wool for protection from heat and cold. Clutch insisted that close clipping was good for the sheep, and when Kind begged him not to cut off more, it only made Clutch more greedy. Clutch sold more wool than in his father's time, for he would not allow Kind to use much for clothing, and he hoarded the money as if it were his heart's treasure.

One summer a strange thing happened. That year the sheep seemed to have more wool than usual, and Clutch had sheared twice and each sheep had given him two large fleeces of wool. It was getting late in the season, the misty mornings and the nights were cool — even Clutch had put on heavier clothing. One day he said to Kind:

“Those sheep are carrying around too much wool;

I must shear them again. The young lambs and their mothers have too much covering, their load is too heavy to carry."

Kind tried to persuade him not to shear the sheep again that season, but Clutch would not listen to him.

"See how the wool burdens their backs," said Clutch.

"The frost will soon be here; the breath of the Winter King is now on the leaves and grasses; the sheep will need the covering to keep them warm," said Kind.

"No," said Clutch; "they can skip and keep warm, if they have light loads. I will have one more fleece from each one."

But then the strange thing happened. The old sheep and the young sheep and the lambs began to disappear, until at last there was not one left of all the fine flock which Clutch had called his own. The brothers searched the plain and went up the hills and even into the forest, but not even one stray lambkin was to be found.

Clutch blamed Kind for allowing the sheep to stray away. Kind knew he was not to blame, for he had noticed that the closest clipped were the ones who had gone first, but he answered not, only let Clutch talk.

Clutch grumbled and mourned over the lost sheep. He knew that many of the shepherds were not sorry for him, although all liked the gentle Kind. One morning Clutch seemed more gloomy than ever, and after their simple meal, he announced to Kind that he was going away in search of work.

"I have often heard my father speak of the great

flocks of sheep beyond the hills," said Clutch. "I will not stay here to have the neighbors laugh at me at shearing time. Let us go towards the sunset and find the shepherds of whom our father spoke; they may take us to tend their sheep."

Kind would rather have stayed among the shepherds whom he knew, in the cottage that had been his father's. He could till the soil and raise wheat, but his brother would go.

Next morning Clutch, with his bag and shears, and Kind, with his crook and pipe, said good-bye to the cottage, and away they went over the plain and up the hills. The shepherds came out of their cottages to watch the brothers as they trudged toward the hills, their long shadows seeming to lead the way.

"They have lost their senses," said the shepherds. "Beyond the hills are only rocks and wide moorlands that are no homes for sheep."

Kind persuaded his brother to take the direction which led straight to the top of the hills where, one evening, he thought he saw sheep. The ground was rough, stony, and steep, and soon the brothers were weary. By noon they needed rest, and they sat on some rocks from which they could catch glimpses of the plain. Their hearts were heavy and their feet were sore, but they thought they would continue their journey. All at once there came, from the land beyond, the sound of music, the piping of merry shepherds, such sweet notes as Clutch and Kind had never before heard.

As they listened the soreness passed from their feet and the heaviness from their hearts; and arising, they followed the sound, up at first, then over a wide heath covered with purple bloom, till at last they came to a hill-top from which they saw spread before them a broad pasture, where violets grew thick among the grasses, and thousands of snow white sheep were feeding. A venerable old man sat in the midst of them and made music with his pipe. His hair hung to his waist and his beard to his knees, and both were white as snow. He wore a long coat of the color of holly.

"Good Father," said Kind, for Clutch hung back from fear, "tell us what land this is and where we can find work. We are both shepherds, and although our sheep are lost, we can keep flocks from straying."

"These are the Hill-Pastures," said the old man, "and I am the Ancient Shepherd. My flocks never wander away, but I can give you both employment! Which of you is the better at shearing?"

"Good Father," said Clutch, "I am the closest shearer in all the plain country; when I have done with a sheep, you would not find as much wool on him as would make a thread."

"You may enter my service at once," said the Shepherd. Sit down and rest, and take your supper from my wallet. When the moon rises, I will call the flock you are to shear."

Clutch and Kind sat down by the gray-haired Shepherd, and ate the cakes and cheese which he took from his leather bag that hung by his side

The violets looked up from their beds and seemed to welcome them. The water sparkled in the stream nearby where Kind filled the horn cup.

The brothers, after eating, felt rested and strong. The old man talked to them till the sun went down and the moon arose, and all the snow white sheep had gathered around and laid themselves down behind him. Then he played a merry tune on his pipe and there was heard a howling which made Clutch and Kind tremble with fear. Over the hill came a troop of shaggy wolves, with their hair so long that their heads could scarcely be seen! Clutch rose, and would have fled, but the old man said: "This flock of mine have too much wool on them; go and shear them."

Clutch trembled when he saw the wolves, but as he needed the employment, he took his shears and went forward. The wolf nearest to him showed his teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl the moment he came near them, that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears and run behind the Shepherd.

"Good Father," said he, "I will shear sheep but not wolves."

"They must be shorn," said the old Shepherd, "or you go back to the plains and they after you. Whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

Clutch would not again approach the wolves. At last Kind took up the shears his brother had thrown away, and went bravely up to the nearest wolf. To his great surprise, the wild creature seemed to know him, and stood quietly

to be shorn, while the rest of the flock gathered round as if waiting their turn. Kind clipped neatly but not too close. When he had finished one, another came forward, and Kind continued shearing by the moonlight till the whole flock were shorn. Then the Shepherd said to Kind:

“You have done well; take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain, and, if you please, take this little-worth brother of yours for a boy to keep them.”

Kind was not overjoyed with the present of a troop of wolves, but before he had time to speak, they had all changed into the very sheep that had strayed away from them! They had grown fatter and their fleeces thicker, and the hair he had cut from the seeming wolves lay by his side, a heap of wool so fine and soft that its like had never been seen on the plain.

Clutch gathered it up in his empty bag, and glad was he to go back to the plain with his brother; for the old man sent them with their flock, saying no man might see the dawn of day in that pasture but himself, for it was the ground of the fairies. So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness.

All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story, and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck. The brothers still tend the sheep on the broad, grassy plain, but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

— *Adapted from “The Wonderful Chair.”*

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

T. B. READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822-1872), an American artist and poet, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. This poem has been popular from the first. Read himself painted a picture of *Sheridan's Ride*.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled,
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.

As if he knew the terrible need,
 He stretched away with the utmost speed.
 Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
 The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
 Or the trail of the comet, sweeping faster and faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
 The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road,
 Like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind,
 Like an ocean flowing before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
 Swept by, with his wild eyes full of ire.
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire!
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away!

The first that the General saw were the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
 What was done? — What to do? — A glance told
 him both;

And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs;
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
 because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause —
 With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say:
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high
 Under the dome of the Union sky,
 The American soldier's temple of fame,
 There with the glorious General's name,
 Be it said with letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day!
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

Have you had a kindness shown?
 Pass it on!
 'Twas not meant for you alone;
 Pass it on!



IN THE WOODS

A. B. Durand

TO THE DAISY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), a poet, was born in Cockermouth, Cumberland County, England, and died at Rydal Mount. His poems on nature are considered the best in the English language. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are known as the "Lake Poets." They lived near the lakes in Cumberland and nearby counties, and wrote much about the surrounding scenery.

Bright flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
 The forest through!

Is it that man is soon depressed?
A thoughtless thing? who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason;
And thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
 And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,

Yet pleased and willing;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

Ǻp'ōs tōl ic al (ī kl) : missionary work, going about doing good like the Apostles. Cōn'cōrd : agreeing with, harmony. Function (fünk'shūn) : work or office. Mā tēr'nal : pertaining to a mother. Scrupulous (skrū-pū lūs) : hesitating to act for fear of doing wrong.

THE VIOLET.

JANE TAYLOR.

JANE TAYLOR (1783-1824), an English woman, who has given the world a few most beautiful poems on nature.

Down in a green and shady bed
 A modest violet grew;
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
 As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
 Its color bright and fair;
 It might have graced a rosy bower
 Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
 In modest tints arrayed;
 And there diffused its sweet perfume
 Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
 This pretty flower to see,
 That I may also learn to grow
 In sweet humility.

IN MARCH.

LIZZIE TWIGG.

LIZZIE TWIGG, a modern Irish author, has written some charming nature poems.

'Tis March, and the boughs are bare,
 There's a chill in the wintry air,
 But out on the lilac-trees I've seen
 The faintest glimmer of tenderest green;
 And I said in my heart, "Heigh-ho,
 We're finished with frost and snow,
 And what if the angry storm-winds blow?
 The Summer will soon be here, I know!"

'Tis March, but the wall-flowers spread
 Their petals of velvet red;
 And ever at morn and eve I hear
 The thrush and the blackbird noting clear.

And out in the garden, too,
 Are violets white and blue;
 The heralds of Spring have come, and so
 The Summer will soon be here, I know!

LITTLE TOM, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) was a novelist, poet, theologian, and active philanthropist. He was born in Devonshire, England, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep whose name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North Country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and for Grimes, his master, to spend.

Tom could not read nor write and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water in the Court where he lived.

One day a dapper little groom rode into the Court where Tom lived. Tom was hiding behind a wall to throw a half brick at the groom's horse, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw Tom and called to him to ask where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

The groom told him that Mr. Grimes was to come up

the next morning to Sir John Harthove's, as his chimney needed sweeping.

The next morning Tom and his master arose very early and started out. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind. Thus they journeyed on until they arrived at Harthove House.

Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way it was; and through a little back door, which the ash boy opened to let them in; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered-chintz dressing-gown that Tom mistook her for my lady herself. She gave Grimes solemn orders about, "You will take care of this and take care of that," as if he, and not Tom, were going up the chimneys.

Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice; "You'll mind that, you little beggar!" And Tom did mind, at least all he could. Then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up with sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin. After a whimper or two and a kick from his master, into the grate went Tom and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say, but he swept so many that he became quite tired, and puzzled, too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used, but such as one might find in old country houses, large and crooked chimneys which had been altered again and again until they ran into one another.

Tom lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, even if he were in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground. At last, coming down, as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never been in gentle folks' rooms but when the carpets were all up and the curtains down and the furniture huddled together under a cloth and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters. He had often wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. Now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed-curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much.

There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, because there were no bulldogs among them, not even a terrier.

The two pictures that took his fancy most were, one, a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers around him. He was laying his hands on the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room; for he could see it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about. The other picture was that

of a man nailed to a cross. This surprised Tom much. He fancied he had seen something like it in a shop window. Why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so quiet and kind. Why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some relation of hers who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." Tom felt sad and thrilled with awe, but he turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw puzzled him also. It was a wash stand with pitchers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels and a large bath full of clean water.

"What a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to need so much scrubbing as all that. How clever she must be to put the dirt out of sight, for I don't see a single speck about the room, not even on the towels." Then looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady and held his breath in surprise.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Here cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or perhaps a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she was a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. He saw her breathe and then made up his mind that she was, indeed, alive,

and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No; she cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself, and then he thought: "Are all people like that when they are washed?" He then looked at his own wrist and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. "Certainly I would look much prettier if I were washed and if I grew at all like her."

Looking around, Tom suddenly saw standing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a black, dirty boy want in that sweet young lady's room? Behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror the like of which Tom had never seen before.

For the first time in his life, Tom found out that he was really dirty. He burst into tears with shame and anger, and tried to sneak up the chimney again and hide. He, by accident, upset the fender and threw the andirons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed; and, seeing Tom, she screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and when she saw Tom she made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn. She dashed at him as he lay over the fender, and caught him by the jacket.

She did not hold him. Tom would have been ashamed to even face his friends if he had been stupid enough to be

caught by an old woman; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, ran across the room, and out of the window in a minute.

He did not need to drop out — though he would have done so bravely enough — nor even to let himself down a spout, for under the window spread a tree, with great leaves and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, but Tom knew nothing about that and cared less, as down the tree he went like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railing, and up the park towards the woods, leaving the old nurse at the window screaming: "Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire!"

— *Adapted from "Water Babies."*

Änd'ron (rūn): a metal utensil for holding up the wood burning in a fireplace. Flüe: a passageway in the chimney by which the smoke is carried off.

SUBJECTS FOR A CLASS CONVERSATION.

We will consider the lesson work from and including "The Greedy Shepherd" to "Little Tom, the Chimney Sweep."

1 What selections of those we have been reading are imaginative?

What is the nature of each article?

How do you like the stories?

What one teaches kindness to others?

What one teaches kindness to animals?

What one warns us against greediness?

*George Inness***IN THE DELAWARE VALLEY**

- Give the names of the authors.
- 2 What articles are about nature?
What are the subjects?
How is each one worked out?
When a flower is the subject, what is considered first?
What is said about the month of March?
How does the description of March given here compare with March where you live?
 - 3 What article treats of an historical subject?
Relate the story told by this poem.
Tell something about the chief personage.
What place is mentioned?
At what time did the event related occur?
 - 4 Name the authors whose productions you have been studying?
 - 5 What is meant by "adapted" as used in connection with "Little Tom, the Chimney-Sweep"?
 - 6 Where is Westminster Abbey?
 - 7 What is a chimney-sweep?
 - 8 Write five new words you have learned during the last week.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

— *Goldsmith.*

OUR FIELD.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

JULIANA HORATIA EWING was born at Yorkshire, England, 1842, and died at Bath, May 13, 1885. In early childhood she wrote plays, and when quite young she became well versed in modern languages and classical literature. Among her delightful stories are "A Flatiron for a Farthing," "We and the World," "Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales," "The Story of a Short Life," and "Six to Sixteen."

We had heard of fairies, and we all wanted a fairy godmother. *We* means Sandy, Richard, and I. Yes; I forgot Perronet; but we did not want a fairy godmother for Perronet.

If we had a fairy godmother she would have given us three wishes each; three times three makes nine. We could have got all we wanted out of nine wishes, and have provided for Perronet into the bargain.

It would not have been any good Perronet having wishes all to himself, because he was only a dog.

We never knew who it was that tried to drown Perronet, but it was Sandy who saved his life and brought him home. It was when he was coming home from school, and he brought Perronet with him. Perronet was not at all nice to look at when we first saw him, though we were very sorry for him. He was wet all over and his eyes were shut, and you could see his ribs, and he looked quite dark and sticky. But when he dried, he dried a lovely yellow. He had two black ears like velvet. People sometimes asked us what kind of a dog he was, but we never knew, except that he was the nicest possible kind.

When we had got him, we were afraid we were not going to be allowed to keep him. Mother said we could not afford him, because of the tax and his board. The tax was five shillings, but there wanted nearly a year of paying it. Of course his board began as soon as he could eat, and that was the very same evening. We were all very miserable, because we were so fond of Perronet — Perronet was not his name then — and at last it was settled that all three of us would give up sugar, toward saving the expense of his board, if he might stay. It was hardest for Sandy, because he was particularly fond of sweet things; but then he was particularly fond of Perronet. So we all gave up sugar, and Perronet was allowed to remain.

About the tax; we thought we could save any pennies or half-pennies we got during the year, and it was such a long time to the time for paying, that we should be almost sure to have enough by then. We had not any money at the time, or we would have bought a savings-box; but lots of people save their money in stockings, and we settled that we would. An old stocking would not do, because of the holes, and I had not many good pairs; but we took one of my winter ones to use in the summer, and then we thought we could pour the money into one of my good summer ones when the winter came.

What we most of all wanted a fairy godmother for was about "our homes." There was no kind of play we liked better than playing at houses and new homes. But no matter where we made our "home," it was sure to be disturbed. If it was indoors, and we made a palace under

the big table, as soon as ever we had got it nicely divided into rooms according to where the legs came, it was certain to be dinner-time, and people put their feet into it. The nicest house we ever had was in an out-house. We had it, and kept it quite a secret for weeks. Then a new load of wood came and covered up everything, our best oyster-shell dinner-service and all.

Any one can see that it is really impossible to fancy anything when you are constantly interrupted. You can't have any fun out of a railway train stopping at stations when they take all your carriages to pieces because the chairs are wanted for tea, any more than you can play properly at Grace Darling in a life-boat, when they say the old cradle is too good to be knocked about in that way.

It was always the same. If we wanted to play at Thames tunnel under the beds, we were not allowed; and the day we did Aladdin in the store-closet, old Jane came and would put away the soap, just when Aladdin could not possibly have got the door of the cave open.

It was one day early in May — a very hot day for the time of year, which had made us rather cross — when Sandy came in about four o'clock, smiling more broadly even than usual, and said to Richard and me: "I've got a fairy god-mother, and she's given us a *field*."

Sandy was very fond of eating, especially sweet things. He used to keep back things from meals to enjoy afterward, and he almost always had a piece of cake in his pocket. He brought a piece out now, and took a large mouthful, laughing at us with his eyes over the top of it.

"What's the good of a field?" said Richard.

"Splendid houses in it," said Sandy.

"I'm quite tired of fancying homes," said I. "It's no good; we always get turned out."

It's quite a new place," Sandy continued; "you've never been there," and he took a triumphant bite of the cake.

"How did you get there?" asked Richard.

"The fairy godmother showed me," was Sandy's reply.

There is such a thing as nursery honor. We respected each other's pretendings, unless we were very cross. I was rather cross, but I didn't disbelieve in his fairy godmother. I only said: "You shouldn't talk with your mouth full," to snub him for making a secret about his field.

Sandy is very good tempered. He only laughed and said: "Come along. It's much cooler out now; the sun's going down."

He took us along Gipsy Lane. We had been there once or twice for walks, but not very often, for there was some horrid story about it which rather frightened us. I do not know what it was, but it was a horrid one. Still we had been there, and I knew it quite well. At the end of it there is a stile, by which you go into a field, and at the other end you get over another stile, and find yourself in the highroad.

"If this is our field, Sandy," said I, when we got to the first stile, "I'm very sorry, but it really won't do. I know that many people come through it. We should never be quiet here."

Sandy laughed. He didn't speak and he didn't get over the stile; but he went through a gate close by it, leading into a little sort of by-lane that was all mud in winter and all cart-ruts in summer. I had never been through it, but I had seen hay and that sort of thing go in and come out of it.

He went on and we followed him. The ruts were very disagreeable to walk on, but presently he led us through a hole in the hedge, and we got into the field. It was a very bare-looking field, and went rather uphill. There was no path, but Sandy walked away up it, and we went after him. There was another hedge at the top and a stile into it. It had very rough posts, one much longer than the other, and the cross step was gone, but there were two rails, and we all climbed over. When we got to the other side, Sandy leaned against the big post and gave a wave of his right hand, and said: "This is our field."

It sloped down a hill on one side, and the hedges round it were rather high, with awkward branches of hawthorn sticking out here and there without any leaves, and with the blossoms lying white, like snow, on the black twigs. There were cowslips all over the field, but they were thicker at the lower end, which was damp. The great heat of the day was over. The sun shone still, but it shone low down and made such splendid shadows that we all walked about with gray giants at our feet; and it made the bright green of the grass and the cowslips down below and the top of the hedge and Sandy's hair and everything in the sun and the mist behind the elder bush, which was out of the sun, so

yellow — so very yellow — that just for a minute I really believed about Sandy's godmother, and thought it was a story come true, and that everything was turned into gold.

But it was only for a minute; of course I knew that fairy tales were not true. It was a lovely field, and when we had put our hands to our eyes and had a good look at it, I said to Sandy: "I beg your pardon, Sandy, for telling you not to talk with your mouth full. It is the best field I have ever seen."

"Sit down," said Sandy, doing the honors; and we all sat down under the hedge.

"There are violets just behind us," he continued. "Can't you smell them? Whatever you do, don't tell anybody of those, or we can't keep our field to ourselves for a day. Look here." He had turned over on his face and Richard and I did the same, while Sandy fumbled among the bleached grass and brown leaves.

"Hyacinths!" said Richard, as Sandy displayed the green tops of them.

"As thick as peas," said Sandy. "This bank will be blue in a few weeks and fiddle-heads everywhere. There will be no end of ferns. Mayflowers to any extent — they're only in bud yet; and there's a wren's nest in there." At this point he rolled suddenly over on his back and looked up.

"A lark," he explained. "There is one singing its head off. I say, Dick, this will be a good field for a kite, won't it? But, wait a bit."

After every fresh thing that Sandy showed us in "Our

Field," he always finished by saying, "Wait a bit"; and that was because there was always something else better still

"There's a brook at the bottom there," he said, "with lots of fresh water shrimps. I wonder whether they would boil red. But, wait a bit. This hedge, you see, has got a very high bank and it's worn into kinds of ledges. I think we could play at 'shops' there — but, wait a bit."

"It's almost too good, Sandy, dear!" said I, as we crossed the field to the opposite hedge.

"The best is to come," said Sandy. "I've a very good mind not to let it out till to-morrow;" and to our distraction he sat down in the middle of the field, put his arms around his knees, as if he were playing at "Honey-pots," and rocked himself backward and forward with a face of brimming satisfaction.

Neither Richard nor I would have been so mean as to explore on our own account, when the field was Sandy's discovery, but we tried hard to persuade him to show us everything.

He had the most provoking way of laughing and holding his tongue, and he did that now, besides slowly turning all his pockets inside out into his hands and mumbling up the crumbs and odd currants, saying, "Guess!" between every mouthful.

When there was not a crumb left in the seams of his pockets, Sandy turned them back, and, jumping up, said: "One can tell a secret only once. It's a hollow oak! Come along."

He ran and we ran to the other side of "Our Field." I had read of hollow oaks, and seen pictures of them, and once I dreamed of one, with a witch inside; but we had never had one for our play. We were nearly wild with delight. It looked all solid from the field, but when we pushed behind, on the hedge side, there was the door. I crept in, and it smelt of wood and delicious damp. There could not be a more perfect castle, and though there were no windows on the sides, the light came in from the top, where the polypody hung over like a fringe. Sandy was quite right; it was the very best thing in "Our Field."

Perronet was as fond of the field as we were. What he liked were the little birds. At least, I don't know that he liked them, but they were what he chiefly attended to. I think he knew that it was "Our Field," and thought he was the watch-dog of it, and whenever a bird settled down anywhere he barked at it, and then it flew away, and he ran barking after it till he lost it. By that time another had settled down, and then Perronet flew at him, and so on, up and down the hedge. He never caught a bird, but he never would let one sit down on the hedge if he could see it.

We had all kinds of games in "Our Field." Shops — for there were quantities of things to sell — and sometimes I was a moss merchant, for there were ten different kinds of moss by the brook; and sometimes I was a jeweler, and sold daisy-chains and pebbles and coral sets made of holly berries, and oak-apple necklaces.

Sometimes I kept provisions, like earth-nuts and mallow-cheeses and mushrooms; and sometimes I kept a flower

shop, and sold nosegays and wreaths and umbrellas made of rushes. Sometimes I kept a whole lot of shops, and Richard and Sandy bought my things, and paid for them with money made out of elder pith, sliced into rounds. The first shop I kept was to sell cowslips, and Richard and Sandy lived by the brook, and were wine merchants, and made cowslip wine in a tin mug.

The elder tree was a beauty. In July the cream-colored flowers were so sweet we could hardly sit under it, and in the autumn it was covered with berries; but we were always a little disappointed that they never tasted in the least like elderberry syrup. Richard used to make flutes out of the stalks, and one really was good enough to play tunes on, but it always made Perronet bark.

Richard's everyday cap had a large hole in the top, and when we were in "Our Field" we always hung it on the top of the tallest of the two stile-posts, to show that we were there; just as the Queen has a flag hung out of Windsor Castle when she is at home.

We played at castles and houses, and when we were tired of houses, we pretended to pack up, and we went to the seaside for change of air—that was by the brook. Sandy and I took off our shoes and stockings, and were bathing-women, and we bathed Perronet. Richard sat on the bank and was a "tripper," looking at us through a telescope; for when the elder stems cracked and wouldn't do for flutes, he made them into telescopes. Before we went down to the brook we made jam of hips and haws from the hedge at the top of the field, and put it into acorn

cups, and took it with us, that the children might not be short of roly-poly at the seaside.

Whatever we played at, we were never disturbed. Birds and cows, or men and horses plowing in the distance did not disturb us at all.

We were very happy that summer; the boys were quite happy, and the only thing that troubled me was Perronet's tax-money. Months and months went on and we did not save it. Once we got as far as twopence half-penny, and then one day Richard came to me and said: "I must have some string for my kite. You might lend me a penny out of Perronet's stocking, till I get some money of my own."

So I loaned it; and the next day Sandy came and said: "You lent Dick one of Perronet's coppers; I am sure Perronet would lend me one." Then they said it was ridiculous to leave a halfpenny there by itself, so we spent it in acid drops.

It worried me so much at last that I began to dream horrible dreams about Perronet's having to go away because we hadn't saved his tax-money. Then I used to wake up and cry till the pillow was so wet I had to turn it. The boys never seemed to mind, but then boys don't think about things; so that I was surprised one day when I found Sandy alone in "Our Field" with Perronet in his arms, crying, and feeding him with cake; and I found he was crying about the tax-money

I cannot bear to see boys cry. I would much rather cry myself, and I begged Sandy to leave off, for I said I was

quite determined to think of something. It certainly was remarkable that the very next day should be the day when we heard about the flower show.

It was in school — the village school, for mother could not afford to send us anywhere else — and the schoolmaster rapped on his desk and said, "Silence, children!" Then he told us that at the agricultural show there was to be a flower show this year, and that an old gentleman was going to give the school children prizes for window plants and for the best arranged wild flowers. There were to be nosegays and wreaths, but there were to be a first prize of five shillings and a second prize of half a crown for the best collection of wild flowers with the names put on them.

"The English names," said the schoolmaster; "and there may be — silence, children! — there may be collections of ferns or grasses or mosses to compete, too, for the gentleman wants to encourage a taste for natural history."

Several of the village children said, "What's that?" and I squeezed Sandy's arm — he was sitting next to me — and whispered, "Five shillings!" and the schoolmaster said: "Silence, children!" and I thought I never should have finished my lessons that day for thinking of Perronet's tax-money.

July is not at all a good month for wild flowers; May and June are better. However, the show was to be the first week in July.

I said to the boys: "Look here; I'll do a collection of flowers. I know the names and I can print. It's no good two or three people muddling with arranging flowers; but

if you will get me what I want, I shall be very much obliged. If either of you will make a moss collection, you know there are ten kinds of mosses by the brook; and we have names for them of our own, and they are English. Perhaps they'll do. But everything must come out of 'Our Field.' "

The boys agreed and they were very good. Richard made me a box, rather high at the back. We put sand at the bottom and made it damp, and then feather moss, lovely clumps of it, and into that I stuck the flowers. They all came out of "Our Field." I like to see grass with flowers, and we had very pretty grasses, and between every bunch of flowers I put a bunch of grass of different kinds. I got all the flowers and all the grasses ready first, and printed the names on pieces of cardboard to stick in with them, and then I arranged them by my eye, and Sandy handed me what I called for, for Richard was busy at the brook making a tray of mosses.

Sandy knew the flowers and the names of them quite as well as I did. Of course we knew everything that lived in "Our Field"; so when I called, "ox-eye daisies," "cock's foot grass," "labels;" "meadow-sweet," "fox-tail grass," "labels;" "dog-roses," "shivering-grass," "labels," and so on, he gave me the right things, and I had nothing to do but to put the colors that looked best together next to each other, and to make the grass look light, and pull up bits of the moss to show well. At the very end I put in a label, "All out of 'Our Field.' "

I did not like it when it was done; but Richard praised

it so much it cheered me up, and I thought his mosses looked lovely.

The flower-show day was very hot. I did not think it could be hotter anywhere in the world than it was in the field where the show was, but it was hotter in the tent.

We should never have got in at all — for you had to pay at the gate — but they let competitors in free, though not at first. When we got in, there were a lot of grown-up people, and it was very hard work getting along among them and getting to see the stands with the things on them. We kept seeing tickets with “1st Prize” and “2d Prize,” but they were sure to be dahlias in a tray or fruit that you mightn’t eat or vegetables. The vegetables disappointed us so often, I got to hate them. I don’t think I shall ever like very big potatoes (before they are boiled) again, particularly the red ones. It makes me feel sick with heat and anxiety to think of them.

We had struggled slowly all around the tent, and seen all the cucumbers, onions, lettuces, long potatoes, round potatoes, and everything else, when we saw an old gentleman, with spectacles and white hair, standing with two or three ladies. Then we saw three nose-gays in jugs, with all the green picked off, and the flowers tied as tightly together as they would go, and then we saw some prettier ones, and then we saw my collection, and it had a big label on it marked “1st Prize!” Next to it came Richard’s moss tray, with the hair-mosses and pincushion-moss and the scale-mosses, and a lot of others labeled with names of our own, and it was marked “2d Prize!” I took hold of one of Sandy’s

arms just as Richard seized the o her, and we both cried, "Perronet is paid for!"

There were two-and-sixpence over. We never had such a feast! It was a picnic tea, and we had it in "Our Field." I thought Sandy and Perronet would have died of cake, but they were none the worse.

We were very much frightened at first when the old gentleman invited himself; but he would come, and he brought a lot of nuts, and he did get inside of the oak, though it is really too small for him.

I don't think there ever was anybody so kind. If he were not a man, I should really and truly believe in Sandy's fairy godmother.

Of course I don't really believe in fairies. I am not so young as that. I know that "Our Field" does not exactly belong to us. I wonder to whom it does belong? Richard says he believes it belongs to the gentleman who lives at the big red house among the trees. He must be wrong; for we see that old gentleman at church every Sunday, but we never saw him in "Our Field."

I don't believe anybody could have such a field of their very own, and never come to see it from one end of summer to the other. Do you?

Pōl'ŷ pō'dŷ: a kind of fern.

"Where there's a will there's a way."



THE GULF STREAM

• Winslow Homer

THE DEER.

RICHARD JEFFRIES.

RICHARD JEFFRIES (1848-1887), an English journalist, best known for his books on nature. Among them are "Life in the Fields," "The Open Air," "The Gamekeeper at Home," and "The Red Deer."

Deer are found in many parts of the world. At one time wild deer were very abundant in England, but there are not many now. The wild red deer is still found on Exmoor in the west of England, and also in Scotland. The fallow deer, which may be known by the white spots on its coat, is kept in many parks; but it is no longer wild.

The reindeer is found in the cold regions of the far north, where it is used by the people as a beast of burden. A reindeer will drag a heavy sledge over the ice or frozen snow, at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour. It is so much prized that a man's wealth is reckoned by the number of reindeer he owns.

The male deer, or stag, has handsome horns or antlers, of which he gets a new pair every year. Some time in March two knobs make their appearance upon his head, and by the end of May the horns are full grown. They fall off in February, and for a few weeks the stag has to do without horns.

There is no more beautiful creature than a stag in his pride of antler, his coat of ruddy gold, his grace of form and motion. He seems a natural owner of the oak-woods, and the broad slopes of heather. They belong to him and he steps upon the sward in lordly mastership. The land is

his, and the hills, the sweet streams and rocky glens. He is far more natural than the cattle and sheep that have strayed into his domains. When he is present, they look as if they had been put there and kept there by artificial means.

Utterly scorning control — the walls and hedges are nothing to him — he roams where he chooses, and gathers the food that pleases him. Robbing the crops and claiming his share of the fruits of the orchard and gardens, he is quite regardless of the rights of the people who own them.

Disturb him in his wild stronghold of oak-wood or heather, and, as he yields to force, still he stops and looks back proudly. He is slain, but never conquered.

The branching antlers accord with the deep shadowy boughs, and the broad fronds of the brake; the golden red of his coat is in harmony with the fox-glove, the purple heather, and later on the orange and red of the beech.

The easy bounding motion as he springs from the elastic sward, makes him most attractive. He climbs the steep hill as if it were level, he speeds long distances, and he goes from place to place almost as swiftly as the wind.

He not only lives in the wild, wild woods and moors — he seems to grow from the ground. The noble stag is lord and monarch of all the creatures left in English forests and on English hills.

Exmoor (ëks'mōor). Ant'lēr: the horn of the deer.

Beware of the man with one book.

— *Thomas Aquinas.*

HIAWATHA AND THE RED DEER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha."

Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing:
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha.”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter:
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha.”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward;
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled; —
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow —
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow; —
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
And as he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.

All the village came and feasted,
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,
 Called h m strong-heart, Soan-ge-taha!
 Called h m Loon-heart, Mahn-go taysee!

Ād jī dau'mo : the red squirrel. Iagoo (ē ā'gōō) : a great boaster and story-teller. Nō kō'mis : a grandmother, mother of Wenonah. Ō-pē chēe : the robin. Ō wā is'sa : the bluebird. Soan-ge-ta ha (sōng ē-ta'ha:) strong hearted.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745), usually known as "Dean" Swift, on account of being dean of Saint Patrick's Church, in Dublin, Ireland. He was born at Dublin, graduated from Trinity College, and afterwards divided his time between the Anglican Church and literary work.

Upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisades, all after the modern way of fortification.

After you had passed several courts you came to the center, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defense.

In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the window had discovered itself, and in he went. After flying about a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unusual weight, sank down to the very foundation.

Thrice he endeavored to force his passage, and thrice the center shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was coming to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate.

Meanwhile, the bee had freed himself of the toils of the web, and, posted secretly at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the fragments of the cobweb. By this time the spider ventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and the dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and raved like a madman, and swelled until he was ready to burst.

At length, casting his eye upon the bee, he wisely judged causes from results, for they knew each other by sight.

"A plague on you," said he "for a giddy puppy; is

it you that has made this litter here? Could you not look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?"

"Good words, friend," said the bee, who had now cleaned himself, and was disposed to be droll; "I'll give you my hand and word that I shall not come near your palace again. I was never in such a sad plight since I was born."

"Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."

"I pray, have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house."

"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect for a person whom all the world allows to be so much your better."

"In truth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favor to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute."

At this, the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposer; and fully armed against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond

without house or home, without stock or inheritance: born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; you are a freebooter over fields and gardens; and for the sake of stealing, you will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle is all built with my hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste.

"Now, for you and your skill in architecture, I have little to say. In that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art.

"You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good, plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I

would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance.

“Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes to all this: which is the nobler being of the two, he who by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but fly-bane and a cob-web; or he who by a universal range, a long search, much study, true judgment, and a distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?”

Write an imaginary conversation between a butterfly and a wasp. Between a bird and a worm. Use some of the words employed by Dean Swift, as: inherent, engendering, disparage, magnitude, dissolution, valiantly, comparison, controversy, architecture, etc.

Bē ēl'zē būb: Satan, an evil spirit. Dī (or dī) lāp ī dā'tion (shūn): nearly ruined or decayed. Dīs sō lū tion (shūn): separation of its parts, ruin. Frēē bōōt ēr: one who plunders, takes without leave. Pāl'ī sāde: a fence formed of strong upright stakes. Scurrilous (skūr'ril ūs): low, vulgar language. Vēn'om (ūm): poison.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight.

— *Youno.*

MARCH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green fields sleep in the sun;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising,
 They are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated,
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On top of the bare hill;
 The plowboy is whooping, anon.
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 The rain is over and gone!

À nǒn : at once.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. — *Proverbs*.



THE COPPERSMITH

E. M. Ward

SPRING.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

Spring was early that year. At the beginning of February there was a good deal of snow on the ground, it is true, but the air became milder and milder, and towards the end of the month there came a real spring day, and all the snow was gone.

"You may go and play in the garden, Miss Ida," said Nurse, and Ida went.

She had been kept indoors for a long time by the weather and by a cold, and it was very pleasant to get out again, even when the only amusement was to run up and down the shingle walks and wonder how soon she might begin to garden, and whether the gardener could be induced to give her a piece of ground sufficiently extensive to grow a crop of mustard-and-cress in the form of a capital I.

It was the kitchen garden into which Ida had been sent. At the far end it was cut off from the world by an overgrown hedge with large gaps at the bottom, through which Ida could see the high road, a trough for watering horses, and beyond this a wood. The hedge was very thin in February, and Ida had a good view in consequence, and, sitting on a stump in the sunshine, she peered through the gap to see if any horses came to drink. It was as good as a peep show, and indeed much better.

"The snow has melted," gurgled the water, "here I am." I was everywhere. The sunshine made the rich

green mosses look dry, but in reality they were wet, and so was everything else. Slish! slosh! Put your feet where you would the water was everywhere. It filled the stone trough, which, being old and gray and steady, kept it still, and bade it reflect the blue sky and the gorgeous mosses; but the trough soon overflowed, and then the water slipped over the side, and ran off in a wayside stream.

"Winter is gone!" it spluttered as it ran "Winter is gone, winter is gone, winter is gone!" And, on the principle that a good thing cannot be said too often, it went on with this all through the summer, till the next winter came and stopped its mouth with icicles. As the stream chattered, so the birds in the wood sang — Tweet! tweet! chirrup! throstle! Spring! Spring! Spring! — and they twittered from tree to tree, and shook the bare twigs with melody. A single blackbird sitting still upon a bough below, sang "Life! Life! Life!" with the loudest pipe of his throat, because on such a day it was happiness only to be alive.

It was like a wonderful fairy tale, to which Ida listened with clasped hands.

Presently another song came from the wood; it was a hymn sung by children's voices, such as one often hears carolled by a troop of little urchins coming home from school. The words fell familiarly on Ida's ears.

Now the little chorus broke off, and the children came pouring out of the wood with chattering and laughter. Only one lingered, playing under a tree, and finishing the song. The child's voice rose shrill and clear like that of the blackbird above him.

Ida had ceased to listen to the singing. Her whole attention was given to the children as they scampered past the hedge, dropping bits of moss and fungi and such like woodland spoil. For, tightly held in the grubby hands of each — plucked with reckless indifference to bud and stalk, and fading fast in their hot prisons — were *primroses*. Ida started to her feet, a sudden idea filling her brain. The birds were right! Spring had come, and there were flowers!

—*Adapted from "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances."*

REVIEW.

Tell something about Juliana Horatia Ewing.

Describe the attractions of "Our Field."

Why were the children anxious to earn or save some money?

If you were ever in the country, write a description of some field you saw.

Write a description of a tree which is near your home. Tell about its tenants and visitors (birds, flies, worms, etc.)

One of the attractions of the story of "Our Field" is the way the children made use of all the things they found there. How much pleasure they got out of the hollow tree, the mosses and grasses, the brook and flowers, and everything.

Where did Richard Jeffries live?

What does he say about the "Deer"?

What does Longfellow say about the red deer?

Who is Hiawatha?

What more have you read about Hiawatha?

Tell something about Dean Swift.

What have you ever noticed about the way in which spiders live and weave their webs?

Tell something about bees.

The bee Swift writes about was fortunate in getting out of the spider's clutches.

Compare the poem on "March," written by William Wordsworth, with the one on the same subject written by Lizzie Twigg. Wordsworth says the snow is retreating, and the cattle are grazing. Where you live, are the cattle grazing in the fields in March?

What other selection is from a work of Mrs. Ewing?

Tell something about Ida.

Notice that in "March," by Lizzie Twigg, in "March," by Wordsworth, and in "Spring," by Mrs. Ewing, there are descriptions of spring. Which description pleases you most? Why?

Resist beginnings; all too late the cure,
When ills have gathered strength by long delay.

Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested. — *Bacon*.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

. MARY HOWITT.

“Will you walk into my parlor?” said the Spider to the Fly;
“’Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair;
And I’ve many curious things to show you when you are
there.”

“Oh no, no!” said the little Fly, “to ask me is in vain!
For who goes up your winding stair can ne’er come down
again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?” said the Spider to the
Fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are
fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I’ll snugly tuck you in.”

“Oh, no, no!” said the little Fly, “for I’ve often heard it
said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: “Dear friend, what
can I do
To prove the warm affection I’ve always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that’s nice,

I'm sure you're very welcome — will you please to take
a slice?"

'Oh, no, no!' said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to
see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and
you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are
your eyes!
I've a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold
yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased
to say;
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another
day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den;
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back
again;
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.

Then came out of his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver
wing;

Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon
 your head;
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull
 as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by!
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer
 drew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes and green and purple
 hue,
 Thinking only of her crested head — poor, foolish thing!
 at last
 Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
 He dragged her up his winding stairs, into his dismal den,
 Within his little parlor — but she ne'er came out again.

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
 To idle, silly, flattering words I pray you ne'er give heed;
 Unto an evil counselor close heart and ear and eye,
 And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Coun'sēlor (ē'r) : one who gives advice. Crest (krĕst) : a tuft on
 the head. Subtle (sūt'l) : sly, artful.

Of thy unspoken thought thou art master, but thy
 spoken thought is master of thee.



THE BUCKWHEAT.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875) was one of the most gifted writers that Denmark has given to the world. Some of his works have been translated into many tongues. On his seventieth birthday, as a present he received one of his tales written in fifteen languages. He is best known in America by his beautiful fairy tales.

Often, after a thunder storm, when one passes a field where the Buckwheat is growing, it appears quite blackened and singed. It is just as if a flame of fire had passed across it. The farmer says: "It got that from the lightning."

Now, I'll tell you what the sparrow told me about it, and the sparrow heard the story from an old Willow Tree which stood by the Buckwheat field, and still stands there. It is a great venerable Willow Tree, but crippled and old. It is broken in the middle, and grasses and brambles grow out of the cleft. The tree bends forward, and the branches hang down to the ground, as if they were long green hair.

On all the fields around grew corn, rye, barley, and also oats; yes, excellent oats, which when ripe looked like a number of little yellow canary birds sitting upon a spray. The corn stood smiling and the richer an ear was, the lower did it bend its head in humility.

But there was also the field of Buckwheat, and this field was exactly opposite the old Willow Tree. The Buckwheat did not bend at all, like the rest of the grain, but stood up proudly and stiffly.

"I'm as rich as any corn ear," said he, "Moreover,

I'm very much handsomer. My blossoms are as beautiful as the blossoms of the apple tree; it is a pleasure to look upon me and mine. Do you know anything more grand than we are, you old Willow Tree?"

The Willow Tree nodded his head, as if to say, "Yes, that's true enough!"

The Buckwheat then spread itself out and said, "The stupid tree! he's so old that the grass grows in his body."

Now a terrible storm came on. All the flowers folded their leaves together and bowed their little heads while the storm passed over them, but the Buckwheat stood erect in its pride.

"Bend your head like us," said the flowers.

"I've not the slightest cause to do so," replied the Buckwheat.

"Bend your head as we do," cried all the different crops. "Now the storm comes flying on. He has wings that reach from the clouds down to the earth, and he will beat you in pieces before you can cry for mercy."

"Yes, but I will not bend," said the Buckwheat.

"Shut up your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old Willow Tree. "Don't look up at the lightning, when the cloud bursts; men do not do that, for in the lightning one may look into heaven, but the light dazzles even men; and what would happen to us if we dared to do so — we, the plants of the fields, that are much less worthy than they?"

"Much less worthy!" cried the Buckwheat. "Now I'll just look straight up into heaven."

And it did so, in its pride. It was as though the whole world were on fire, so vivid was the lightning.

After the storm had passed, the flowers and the crops stood in the still pure air, quite refreshed by the rain; but the Buckwheat was burned coal-black by the lightning.

The Willow Tree waved its branches in the wind, and great drops of water fell down out of the green leaves, just as though the tree wept.

The Sparrows asked: "Why do you weep? Everything is so cheerful; see how the sun shines, see how the clouds sail on. Do you not breathe the scent of flowers and bushes? Why do you weep, Willow Tree?"

It was then the Willow Tree told them of the pride of the Buckwheat, of its vanity, and of the punishment which has always followed its sin.

This is the tale as it was related to me by the Sparrows one evening when I begged them to tell me a story.

— *Adapted.*

In the past some men have done great work, and the doing made them great. But all has not been accomplished; each new life has golden opportunities, and each should strive to do his best; thus will the great live forever.

— *B. E. B.*

No good work is ever done by men who do not put their heart in the work.—*John Lancaster Spalding*

LEAVES FROM CRUSOE'S JOURNAL.

DANIEL DE FOE.

DANIEL DE FOE, "The founder of the English novel," was born in London, in 1661. When nearly sixty years of age he published his first prose fiction, "Robinson Crusoe," which was also the first in order of time of that class of works in the English language. To this day it remains unrivaled in some particulars. De Foe's art of invention seems perfect, and his power of creating incidents and situations, unbounded. In 1731, Daniel De Foe closed a long and varied life. "I have some time ago," says he of himself, "summed-up the scenes of my life in this district.

"And no man has tasted differing fortunes more; thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

September 30, 1659. — I, poor, miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked, came on shore on this dismal island, which I called "The Island of Despair"; all the rest of the ship's company being drowned, and myself almost dead.

I had neither food, house, clothes, weapon, nor place to fly to; and in despair of any relief, saw nothing but death before me. During the night I slept in a tree, for fear of wild animals; but slept soundly, though it rained all night.

October 1. — In the morning, to my great surprise, I saw the ship had floated with the high tide, and was driven on shore again much nearer the island. This was some comfort, but it was also a cause of grief. I could not help thinking of the comrades I had lost, and I imagined if we had all remained on board, we might have saved the ship, or at least that they might not have been all drowned as they were.

I spent a large part of the day thinking; but, at length, seeing the ship almost dry, I went upon the sand as near as I could, and then swam on board.

October 1st to 24th. — All these days were spent in getting all I could out of the ship. I brought the things to the shore on a raft at every flood tide. There was much rain during these days, though with intervals of fair weather. It seems this was the rainy season.

October 25. — It rained all night and all day, with some gusts of wind. The ship broke into pieces, and was no more to be seen, excepting the wreck, and that only at low water. I spent the day in covering the goods which I had saved, that the rain might not spoil them.

October 26. — I walked about the shore almost all day to find a place for my habitation. Toward night, I decided upon a proper place, under a rock, and marked out a semi-circle for my encampment; which I decided to strengthen with a work, wall, or fortification, made of double piles, lined within with cables, and without with turf.

From the 26th to the 31st. — I worked very hard in carrying all my goods to my new habitation, though some of the time it rained exceedingly hard.

On the last day of October I took my gun and went out into the island to look for some food, and also to see the country. I killed a mother-goat, and her kid followed me home, but I afterwards had to kill it as it would not feed.

November 1. — I set up my tent under a rock and slept there for the first night. I made the tent as large as I could, and drove stakes into the ground to swing my hammock on.

November 2. — I set up all my chests and boards, and the pieces of timber I used for my rafts, and thus made a fence around me, a little within the place I had marked out for my fortification.

November 3. — I went out with my gun, and killed two fowls like ducks, which were very good food. In the afternoon I began to make myself a table.

November 4. — This morning I began to plan my time for work, for hunting, for sleep, and for other diversions. My plans are to hunt for two or three hours in the morning, if it does not rain, then to employ myself with work until about eleven, then eat what I have to live on; and from twelve till two to sleep, the weather being excessively hot; and then in the evening to work again.

The working hours of this day and the next were wholly employed in making my table, for I was as yet but a very sorry workman, though time and necessity made me a complete natural mechanic soon after, as I believe they would make any one else.

November 7 to 12. — The weather began to be fair, and I spent almost all of those days, excepting the eleventh, which was Sunday, in making a chair. I pulled it to pieces many times and, while I finally brought it to a tolerable shape, it never pleased me.

November 13. — This day it rained, which refreshed me exceedingly, and cooled the earth, but the rain was accompanied by terrible thunder and lightning. This frightened me dreadfully, for fear of my powder. I resolved to separate my powder into as small parcels as possible.

November 17. — This day I began to dig behind my tent into the rock to make more room.

Three things I wanted for this work; *viz.*, a pickaxe, a shovel, and a wheelbarrow, or basket. I stopped from my work to consider how to supply my needs. As for the pickaxe, I made use of the iron crowbars, which were proper enough, but very heavy. The next thing was a shovel or spade. This was so necessary that indeed I could do nothing without it, but what kind of a one to make I knew not.

The next day in searching the wood, I found an iron wood tree. From this, with great labor and almost spoiling my axe, I cut a piece and brought it home, this, too, with difficulty, for it was exceedingly heavy.

The excessive hardness of the wood kept me working a long time on this shovel; but little by little I made it into shape. The handle was shaped exactly like ours in England, but the broad part having no iron on it at the bottom would not last me so long; however, it served well enough for the work I put it to. But never before nor since was a shovel, I believe, made after that fashion, or so long in making.

I still needed a basket or wheelbarrow. A basket I could not make, as I had not yet found any twigs that would bend to make wicker-ware. I fancied I could make all of the wheelbarrow but the wheels, of which I had no notion of how to get material or how to put it together. Besides I had no possible way to make the iron gudgeons for the axis of the wheel to run in. I had to give the wheel-

barrow up, so I then made something like the hod in which laborers carry mortar to bricklayers.

November 23. — My other work having stood still, because of my work on those tools, when they were finished I went on with it. I spent eighteen days in widening and deepening my cave, so that it might hold my goods.

I wanted this room large enough to serve me as a warehouse, a dining-room, and a cellar. I slept in the tent except when it was rainy and I could not keep myself dry. Afterwards I covered all my place with long poles, in the form of rafters, leaning against the rock, and then covered them with flags and large leaves of trees, like a thatch.

December 27. — I killed a young goat and lamed another so that I caught it and led it home by a string. When I had it at home, I bound and splintered up its leg, which was broken.

I took such care of it that it lived, and the leg grew well and strong as ever; but, by my nursing it so long, it grew tame, and fed upon the green at my door and would not go away. This was the first time I thought of raising some tame creatures, that I might have food when my powder and shot were all gone.

Later I found a kind of wild pigeons which do not build as wood pigeons, but on trees rather as house pigeons, in the holes in rocks. I took some young ones and tried to breed them up tame and did so, but when they grew older

they flew away, which perhaps was for the want of food, for I had nothing to feed them.

In managing my household affairs, I found myself in need of many things, which I thought at first it was impossible for me to make. I was at a great loss for candles. As soon as it was dark, which was usually about seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. I remembered the lump of beeswax with which I made candles in my African adventure, but I had none of that now. The only remedy I had was, that whenever I killed a goat I saved the tallow, and with a little dish made of clay which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of oakum, I made a lamp. This gave me a light, but not clear and steady like a candle.

One day, in rummaging through my things I found a bag, which had once been filled with corn. The little that remained seemed to have been eaten by the rats, and as I thought the bag would be good to stow some of my powder in, I shook the husks out of it on one side of my fortification.

It was early in the wet season I did this and I forgot all about it, but about a month after, I saw some few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground. I fancied it might be some plant I had not seen, but I was surprised when, after a little longer time, I saw about ten or twelve heads come out which were perfect green barley of the same kind as our English grain.

It is impossible to express my astonishment and confusion of thought on this occasion. I had hitherto acted upon no religious foundation at all. But after I saw the barley grow there, in a climate which I knew was not proper,

and especially that I knew not how it came there; it startled me strangely, and I began to think God had miraculously caused His grain to grow without any help of seed sown, and that it was done to furnish me food in that wild, miserable place.

When ripe, I carefully saved the heads of barley and, laying them away, resolved I would sow them all again, hoping in time to have enough to supply me with bread. It was not until the fourth year I allowed myself the least grain to eat, and even then but sparingly.

Besides this barley there were a few stalks of rice, which I preserved in the same way, and for the same purpose, to make from it bread or rather food; for I had found a way to cook it without baking, though I did that also after some time, and this is the way, after many months of toil, I succeeded in baking barley loaves and rice.

For an oven I was at a great loss, but at length I found out by experiment how I could make one. I made some large earthen vessels, very broad, but not deep, that is to say, about two feet in diameter, and not over nine inches deep. These I burned in the fire, as I had done the others, and laid them by. When I wanted to bake, I made a great fire on my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles of my own making and burning also.

When the wood fire was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over. There I let them lie till the hearth was very hot. Then sweeping all the embers away, I set down my loaf or loaves and, putting the earthen pot upon

them, drew the embers all around the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat.

In this way, as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves and became, in little time, a good pastry cook. I made myself several cakes and puddings of the rice, but no pies, for I had nothing to put into them unless the flesh of either fowls or goats. — *Adapted.*

Ėn cāmp'mēnt: a tent or hut for a lodging for a short time. Īn'tē-
val: a space between things or a space in time. Gudgeon (gūj'ūn): an
iron pin or small bolt in the end of a wooden shaft or axle. Ōak'ūm: fiber
of old hemp ropes.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school "let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And somebody's mother bowed low her head,
 In her home that night, and the prayer she said
 Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
 Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824-), a poet and novelist, was born at Huntly, Aberdeen County, Scotland. His dialect stories are considered true to the life of the people among whom he lived in youth.

The thousand streets of London gray,
 Repel all country sights;
 But bar not winds upon their way,
 Nor change the scent of new-mown hay
 In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
 Still bare to light and dark,
 With grass receives the wanderer hot;
 There trees are growing, houses not —
 They call the place a park.

Soft creatures with ungente guides,
 God's sheep from hill and plain,
 Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
 There weary lie on woolly sides,
 Or crop the grass amain.

In Regent's Park one cloudless day
 An over-driven sheep,
 Arrived from long and dusty way,
 Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
 A panting woolly heap.

But help is nearer than we know
 For ills of every name:
 Ragged enough to scare the crow,
 But with a heart to pity woe,
 A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
 Yet knew what ailed; his cap
 Was ready cup for water cold;
 Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
 Its rents were small good-hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went
 Till crown from rim was deep.
 The water gushed from pore and rent;
 Before he came one-half was spent —
 The other saved the sheep.

À mā'n': with might, with force.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870), an English novelist, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, and died at Gadshill Place, near Rochester, England. His parents were poor, and his boyhood was passed in poverty and hard labor. By his industry and good habits he acquired an education, and became one of the leading novelists of England.

Alfred the Great was a young man, three-and-twenty years of age, when he became king. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on journeys for religious purposes; and, once, he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for, then, that at twelve years old he had not been taught to read; although, of the four sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favorite. He had — as most men who grow up to be great and good are generally found to have had — an excellent mother; and, one day, this lady, whose name was Osburgha, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long after that period, and the book, which was hand written, was what is called “illuminated,” with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, “I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read.” Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath, in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were buried with them when they died; but they cared little for it, for they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the king's soldiers that the king was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and wide, was left alone one day, by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bows and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor unhappy subjects whom the Danes chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burned.

"What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king; "you will be ready enough to eat them by-and-by, and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

At length the Devonshire men made head against a

new host of Danes who landed on their coast; killed their chief, and captured their flag; on which was represented the likeness of a Raven — a very fit bird for a thievish army like that, I think. The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly, for they believed it to be enchanted — woven in a single afternoon by the three daughters of one father — and they had a story among themselves that when they were victorious in battle, the Raven stretched his wings and seemed to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop. He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for King Alfred joined the Devonshire men, made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire, and prepared for a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But, first, as it was important to know how numerous those pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a gleeman, or minstrel, and went, with his harp, to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, everything he desired to know. Right soon did this great king entertain them to a different tune; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as the monarch whom many of them had given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched

on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace: on condition that they should depart altogether from the western part of England, and settle in the East; and that Guthrum should become a Christian in remembrance of the Divine religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him.

This Guthrum did. At his baptism, King Alfred was his godfather; and Guthrum was an honorable chief, who well deserved that clemency; for, ever afterwards, he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful, too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They plowed, and sowed, and reaped, and led good honest lives.

All the Danes were not like those under Guthrum; for, after some years, more of them came over, in the old plundering and burning way — among them a fierce pirate of the name of Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend, with eighty ships. For three years, there was a war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships nevertheless, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea; and he encouraged his soldiers, by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last, he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him, for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English, and now another of his labors was to translate Latin books into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, that his people might be interested and improved by their contents. He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one.

He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in the court of justice; the great desire of his heart was to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways, than he found it. His industry in these efforts was quite astonishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus as the candle burnt down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. But when the candles were first invented, it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace

through the doors and windows, and through the chinks in the walls, caused them to gutter and burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns (lanterns) ever made in England.

All this time he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but, long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are remembered to the present hour.

Ethelwulf (ĕth'el wŏolf) : King of the West Saxons. Osburgha (ŏs-bĕr'ga). Cow'hĕrd' : one who tends cows.

REVIEW.

Compare the "Spider and the Fly," by Mary Howitt, with "The Spider and the Bee," by Dean Swift.

How did the spider induce the fly to enter his "parlor"?

What became of the fly?

What is the meaning of the last four lines?

Where did Hans Christian Andersen live?

What does he tell us about the buckwheat?

How many in the class have seen buckwheat grow?

What stories written by Hans Christian Andersen have you read?

What do you know about Robinson Crusoe?

Who wrote "Robinson Crusoe"?

Tell something about his solitary life.

Commit to memory "Somebody's Mother."

What is the lesson to be learned from this poem?

What do you think of the boy who helped the old lady across the street? Would you have assisted her had you been there?

Who wrote "A Good Samaritan"?

Why called a Samaritan?

In the poem, "Somebody's Mother," we learn of a boy who loves and respects his own mother, and the mother of others. He is kind and brave, polite and thoughtful. The boy mentioned in "A Good Samaritan" was also a noble boy who strove to relieve suffering.

What would you have done if you had been near the poor, thirsty sheep?

Who was Charles Dickens?

What has he told about Alfred the Great?

Why did Alfred learn to read?

Tell the story of how he cooked the cakes?

What is said about the honesty of the people when he was king of England?

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds. — *Congreve*.



NAPANOCK, N. Y.

Wm. Hart

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, “Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

And he took the tears of balsam,
 Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
 Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
 Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
 All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
 I will make a necklace of them,
 Make a girdle for my beauty,
 And two stars to deck her bosom!”

From his hollow tree the Hedgehog
 With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
 Shot his shining quills, like arrows.
 Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
 Through the tangle of his whiskers,
 “Take my quills, O Hiawatha!”
 From the ground the quills he gathered,
 All the little shining arrows,
 Stained them red and blue and yellow,
 With the juice of roots and berries;
 Into his canoe he wrought them,
 Round its waist a shining girdle,
 Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
 On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
 In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest;

And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like the yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like the yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift and slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,

Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
 With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
 With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
 Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
 Sailed through all its bends and windings,
 Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
 While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
 Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
 In and out among the islands,
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
 Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
 Made its passage safe and certain,
 Made a pathway for the people,
 From its springs among the mountains,
 To the waters of Pauwating,
 To the bay of Taquamenaw.

Chée maun: a birch canoe. Gheezis (gě'zis): the sun. Kāgh: the hedgehog. Kwā'sind: the strong man. Pau wā'ting: Sault Sainte Marie. Ta qua mē' naw: a river in Northern Michigan.

When we have accomplished our task, dug our furrow,
 be it great or small, the happiest thing is to disappear.

—*Lacordaire*

FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Once upon a time there were five peas in one shell. They were green, and the pod was green, so they thought all the world was green; and that was as it should be. The sun shone without, and warmed the pod, and the rain made it clear and transparent. The pea grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful.

"Are we to sit here everlastingly?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside — I have a kind of inkling of it."

Weeks went by. The peas became yellow and the pod also.

"All the world's turning yellow," said they, and they had a right to say it.

Suddenly they felt a tug at the shell. It was torn off the vine, and slipped into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened!"

"I should like to know which of us will go farthest!" said the smallest of the five.

"What is to be will be," said the largest pea.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them, and saying they were five peas for his pea-shooter. He put one in directly and shot it out.

"Now, I'm flying into the world, catch me if you can!" And the pea was gone.

Said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that exactly suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we arrive," said the next two, "but we shall roll on just the same. We shall go farthest."

"What is to happen will happen," said the last, as he was shot forth out of the pea-shooter; and he flew up against the old board under a garret window, just into a crack which was filled with moss and soft mold. The moss closed around him and there he lay a prisoner indeed, but not forgotten by Mother Nature.

"What is to happen will happen," said he.

Now in this garret lived a poor woman, who went out each day to work. She had only one daughter, a half grown child, who was very delicate. For a whole year she had kept her bed. It seemed as if she would never be well.

Early one day in spring, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone mildly and pleasantly through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor. The sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window.

"What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and half opening it, exclaimed: "Oh! on my word, that is a little pea which has taken root here and is putting out its little leaves.

How can it have gotten into the crack? That is a little garden with which you can amuse yourself."

The sick girl's bed was moved near the window so she might always see the growing pea, while her mother was away to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child one evening. "The sun shone in upon me all day delightfully warm. The pea is growing beautifully and I know I shall get strong, too, and get up and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it," said the mother, but she did not believe it would be so; but she took care to prop, with a little stick, the green plant which had given her daughter such pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind. She also tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so the pea might have something round which to twine when it shot up. It did shoot up indeed; one could see it grow every day.

"Really, here is a flower coming!" said the woman one day and now she began to have hopes her daughter would recover. She had noticed lately that the girl had spoken more cheerfully, had risen up in bed of her own accord, and had sat upright, looking with delighted eyes at the little garden in which only one plant grew.

A week afterwards the invalid, for the first time, sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy she sat there in the warm sunshine. The window was open and outside it stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The girl bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves.

"The heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and caused it to grow to be a joy to you, and to me also, my poor child!" said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower as if it had been a good angel.

— *Adapted.*

THE TWO FAIRIES.

BULWER LYTTON.

SIR EDWARD GEORGE BULWER LYTTON (1805-1873) was an English novelist and poet. Among his many novels, "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "The Caxtons," from which this selection is adapted, are the best known.

My father, Mr. Caxton, was seated in his arm chair on the lawn before the house, one summer day. His eyes were shaded by his straw hat and he was quietly enjoying a book. Suddenly a beautiful delf blue-and-white flowerpot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a smash, and the fragments scattered around my father's legs. Sublime in his studies as Archimedes in the siege, he continued to read.

"Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch, "my poor flowerpot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!"

Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the window, nodded to the summons, and pale and breathless, came down to the porch.

"Oh," said my mother, mournfully, "I wou'd rather

have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the blight last May — I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, than the dear, dear flowerpot Mr. Caxton bought for me on my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!”

Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative social persons are usually afraid of very silent shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention. “No, ma’am, it was not the dear boy, it was I!”

“You? how could you be so careless? and you know how I prized them both. O Primmins!” Primmins began to sob.

“Don’t tell fibs, nurse,” said a small shrill voice; and Master Sisty, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly: “Don’t scold Primmins, mama. It was I who pushed the flowerpot out.”

“Hush!” said nurse, more frightened than ever and looking aghast at my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes.

“Hush! And if he did break it, ma’am, it was an accident. He was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? Speak? Speak (this in a whisper) or papa will be angry.”

“Well,” said my mother, “I suppose it was an accident; be more careful in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There’s a kiss; don’t fret.”

“No, mama, you must not kiss me. I do not deserve it. I pushed the flowerpot out on purpose.”

"Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"For fun!" said I (for I am Master Sisty), hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me; do beat me!"

My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke the truth in spite of fear! Oh! Mrs. Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to teach him, parts us forever!"

From that time I date the hour when I felt I loved my father and knew he loved me.

Mr. Squills, who was a bachelor, and well to do, often gave me little presents. Not long after I broke my mother's flowerpot, he gave me one far exceeding in value those usually given to children. It was a beautiful large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This box was my delight. I was never weary of playing dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah!" said my father one day, when he found me arranging the ivory pieces in the parlor. "Ah! you like that better than all your other playthings, eh?"

"O yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mama were to throw that box out of the window, and break it just for fun." I looked earnestly at my father, and made no reply.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he continued,

"if suddenly one of those good fairies you read about could change the domino box into a beautiful geranium in a pretty blue-and-white flowerpot and you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mama's window-sill."

"Indeed, I would!" said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes do not mend bad actions." So saying he closed the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant, but I know I played at dominoes no more that day.

The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden. He paused and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to M——. Will you come? And, by the by, bring your domino box; I would like to show it to a person there." I ran at once for the box.

"Papa," said I, by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What, then, my child?"

"Why, how then can my domino box be changed into a geranium and blue-and-white flowerpot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good carries two fairies about with him — one here," and he touched my forehead; "and one here," and he touched my heart.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait until you do, Sisty."

My father stopped at a florist and after looking over the flowers, stopped before a large double geranium. "Ah,

this is finer than the one your mother was so fond of. What is the price sir?"

"Only seven and six pence," said the man.

My father buttoned up his coat, saying, "I cannot afford it to-day," and he walked on.

On entering the town, we stopped at a chinaware house. "Have you a flowerpot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one, marked three and sixpence. Yes, that was the price. Well, when your mama's birthday comes again we must buy her another. That is some months to wait, my boy; but truth that blooms all the year around is better than a poor geranium, and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had been drooping before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of the fancy stationers, common in the country towns, and who sells all kinds of pretty toys and knickknacks. "And, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopkeeper looked over his books for the amount, "I think my little boy here can show you a handsome piece of French workmanship. Show your domino box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his words of praise.

"It is always well to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to pay more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the

young gentleman took some of those pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father, "you would give that? Well, my boy, whenever you do tire of your box, you have my permission to sell it."

My father paid his bill and went out. I lingered in the shop for awhile and then joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy this geranium; we can buy the flowerpot." And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right?" said my father. "You have found the two fairies!"

Oh, how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flowers in the window-sill, I took my mother by the hand and led her to the spot.

— *Adapted.*

Archimedes (ār kī mē'dēz): a Greek mathematician. Pompei: (pōm pā'yē): a city of Italy, buried in the year 79.

THE GOLD OF SPRING.

LIZZIE TWIGG.

There's gold on the greening hill,
 There's gold by the silver rill,
 There's gold in fallow and lea and lane,
 For the radiant spring has come again,
 Has covered anew the brown old earth
 With the regal robe of a glad re-birth.

The tufts of the cowslip bright,
The daffodil's yellow light;
And even before the crocus came,
The buttercup's satin flowers of flame,
And the scented buds of the gorse unfold,
Till the whole world's decked in a garb of gold.

There's gold in the morning skies,
And gold when the king-sun dies,
And gold in the leafy woods all day,
And gold in my own dear West away;
The liquid gold of the sunlit sea
That circles the isle where I fain would be.

There's gold on the hills of Clare,
The gold of the dawn light fair;
There's gold on the Shannon's shining breast,
As it glitters away to the misty West,
And golden motes in the shimmering air,
For the sign of spring is everywhere.

There's gold for the fall of your feet,
And gold for your hands, my sweet,
And gold to twine in your dusky hair,
And gold to lay on your bosom fair,
And a mantle of sunbeams' light
To lay on your shoulders white,
And deeper than all, unchanging, true,
Is the gold of the heart whose queen are you.

Base is the gold of earth
 To dreamers who know the worth
 Of blossoming boughs and country ways,
 Of gardens bright in the Springtime days,
 Of souls that are pure and fair,
 Of hearts that are free from care,
 Of innocent laughing lips that sing
 The gold of the dawning spring.

Fallow (fāl'lō) : ground cleared and, perhaps, plowed, but without seed sown.

THE BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON (1784-1849), an English author who published several volumes of poetry. This poem suggests a good lesson, with which the pupils will be pleased.

For Scotland's and for freedom's right
 The Bruce his part had played,
 In five successive fields of fight
 Been conquered and dismayed.
 Once more against the English host
 His band he led, and once more lost
 The meed for which he fought;
 And now, from battle, faint and worn,
 The homeless fugitive forlorn
 A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting place
 For him who claimed a throne;
 His canopy, devoid of grace,
 The rude, rough beams alone;
 The heather couch his only bed —
 Yet well I ween had slumber fled
 From couch of eider-down:
 Through darksome night till dawn of day,
 Absorbed in wakeful thoughts, he lay,
 Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly and its gleam
 Fell on that hapless bed,
 And tinged with light each shapeless beam
 Which roofed the lowly shed;
 When, looking up with wistful eye,
 The Bruce beheld a spider try
 His filmy thread to fling
 From beam to beam of that rude cot;
 And well the insect's toilsome lot
 Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
 The wary spider threw;
 In vain the filmy line was sped,
 For powerless or untrue
 Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
 The patient insect, six times foiled,

And yet unconquered still;
 And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
 Saw him prepare once more to try
 His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last;
 The hero hailed the sign;
 And on the wished-for beam hung fast
 That slender, silken line;
 Slight as it was, his spirit caught
 The more than omen, for his thought
 The lesson well could trace,
 Which even "he who runs may read,"
 That perseverance gains its meed,
 And patience wins the race.

Fū gǐ tīve: one escaping from service. Successive (suc sés siv):
 following in order.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward; the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldiers knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die!
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well;
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sab'ring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian



Reeled from the saber stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

We think kind thoughts of others, but unexpressed
 they foster no hope in a human heart.—*B. E. B.*



HOLLAND CATTLE

Troyon

MALONE, NEW YORK.

DEAR READERS:

WHEN YOU HAVE READ BOOK FOUR THROUGH, I WISH EACH MEMBER OF THE CLASS WOULD WRITE ME A LETTER. TELL ME WHAT SELECTION OF ALL IN THIS BOOK YOU LIKE BEST. WHY DO YOU LIKE IT BEST? WHAT PICTURE DO YOU LIKE BEST, AND WHY?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE QUOTATION ON THE "TITLE PAGE"?

NAME ONE THOUGHT THAT YOU LIKE, WHICH YOU OBTAINED FROM SOME SELECTION, IN THIS BOOK, WRITTEN BY TENNYSON. ONE WRITTEN BY LONGFELLOW. BY LIZZIE TWIGG. BY ANY OF THE OTHER AUTHORS, SOME OF WHOSE WRITINGS ARE IN THIS BOOK.

WHAT SELECTIONS HAVE YOU COMMITTED TO MEMORY? IF YOU WERE MAKING A FOURTH READER, WHAT SELECTIONS IN THIS READER WOULD YOU OMIT? WHY? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PICTURES IN THIS BOOK?

YOU HAVE BEEN READING MESSAGES FROM ME ALL THE YEAR, AND NOW I WANT LETTERS FROM ALL MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.

YOUR SINCERE FRIEND,

B. ELLEN BURKE.



